

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1991 • \$3.95

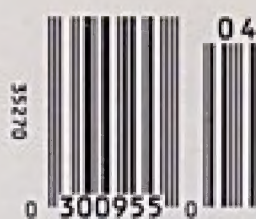
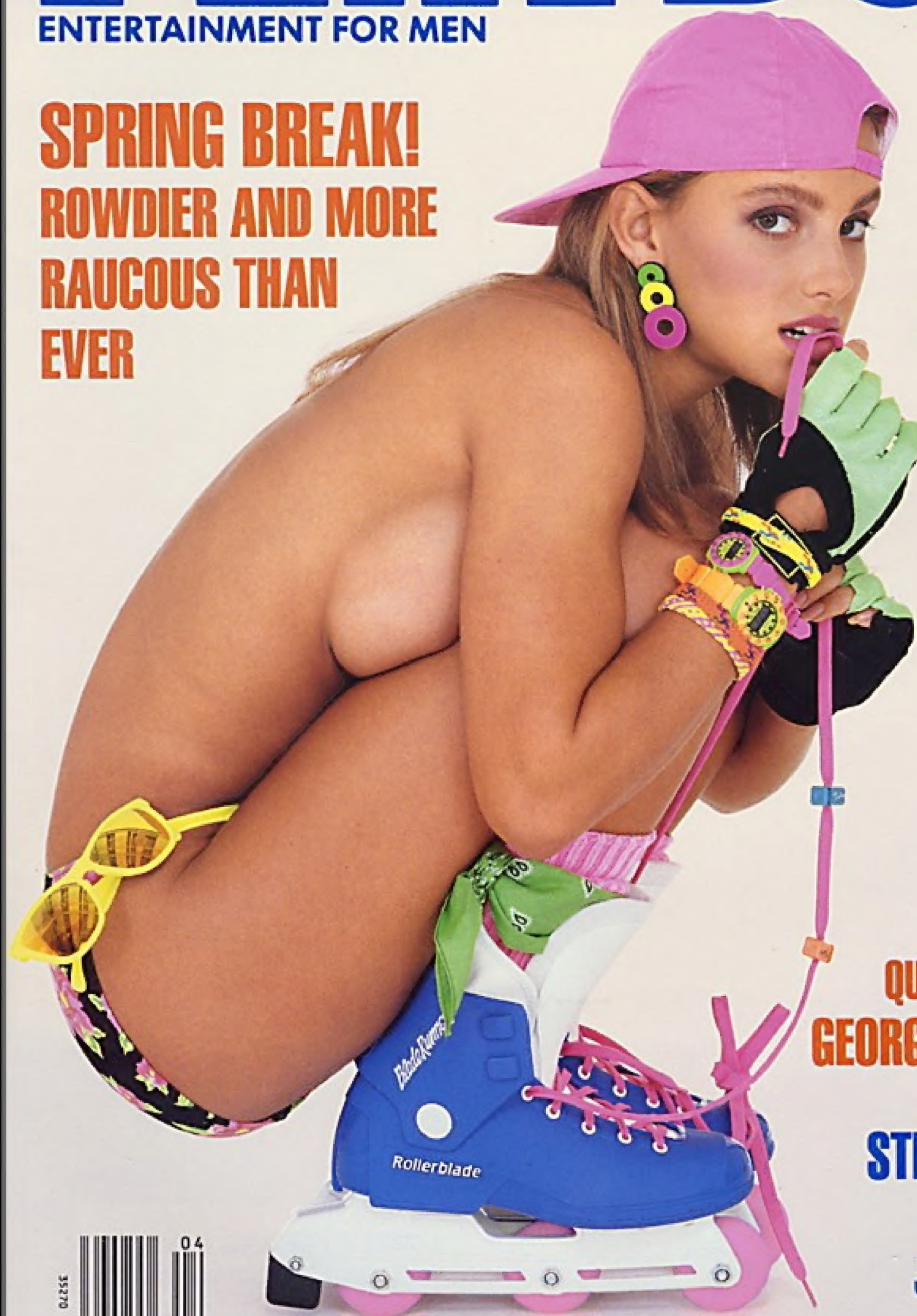
**SPRING BREAK!
ROWDIER AND MORE
RAUCOUS THAN
EVER**

**THE
WOMEN
OF THE
WOMEN'S
COLLEGES**

**THE RAGING
TALENT OF
MARTIN
SCORSESE,
A PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW**

**20 FEARLESS
QUESTIONS WITH
GEORGE FOREMAN**

**STEVE MARTIN
BY BRUCE
JAY FRIEDMAN**



By ASA BABER

Ever ask yourself what's happening on the social scene that just might reach out and bite you on the ass?

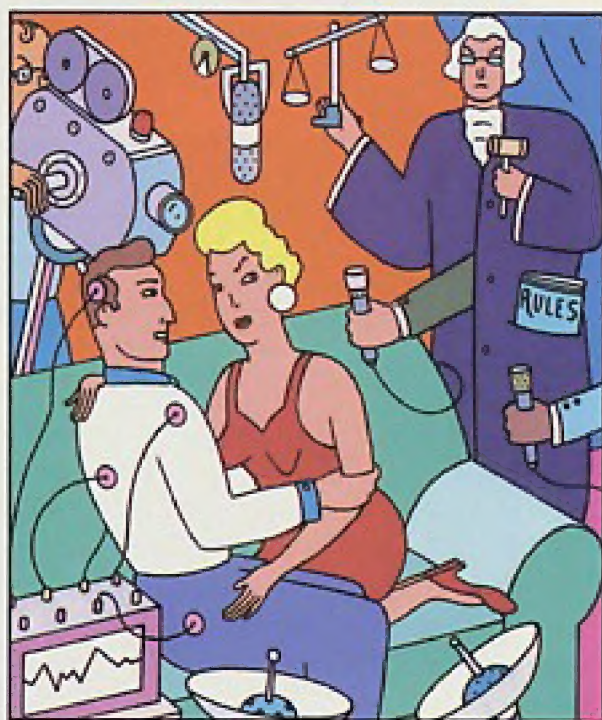
Item: A man I know meets a woman at a bar, dances with her, necks with her on the dance floor in front of others. They join his friends outside and continue necking in the back seat of a car while they're driven to a party. There, the two disappear into a room and come out in about 30 minutes. All seems fine until a day later, when the woman goes to the police and accuses the man of rape. There is no physical evidence of rape, but the man is arrested, jailed, tried, sentenced and imprisoned. It is his word against hers. He loses.

Item: A man I know, a part-time lecturer at a city college, takes one of his former students out to lunch at her request. She is a bright but insecure woman who believes herself to be physically unattractive and says so. He says in response, and I quote, "You are a very attractive woman. If I were in your age group and single, I would probably ask you for a date." She goes back to the department chairman, reports that the man has sexually harassed her and insists that his contract not be renewed because he is a threat to women students. The chairman agrees and it is done. The man is dropped from the faculty, no questions asked.

Item: A sophomore at George Washington University is the sole source for a story in the school newspaper about two black men who supposedly raped one of her white friends. The assailants, as described by the student, had "particularly bad body odor" and allegedly told the victim after their attack, "You were pretty good for a white girl." The student, who a day later admits through her lawyer that she made up the report, says in her apology to the dean of students that she "had hoped the story, as reported, would highlight the problems of safety for women."

The bottom line? The war between the sexes has a uniquely virulent form in today's culture. False allegations of harassment and date rape are springing up like condoms in springtime.

Face the facts, man. You live in a high-risk social environment. If a woman brings false sexual charges against you, no matter how flimsy her evidence or belated her action, your protests of innocence may not be believed. This is The



THE 1991 LOW-RISK DATING KIT

Time of the Werewolf Hunt. And the last time I checked, you looked a lot more like a werewolf than she did.

Before you go out on a date, before you become trusting in conversation with a female acquaintance, you'd better ask yourself some basic questions. What constitutes sexual harassment in her terms? Is it harassment for you to look at her with interest? To talk with her casually? To ask her for a date? To crack a sexual joke? To ask for a kiss or a hug at the end of the evening? Does she generally advertise that men are slime while women are victims? Better check her out. "Know before you go, bro'" should be your dating slogan. Write that down and paste it over your computer terminal. Know before you go.

For extra protection, I've devised a low-risk dating kit. You may want to take a look at it. Am I joking when I list these suggestions? Yes. And no.

- *Hire a private attorney.* Granted, his retainer is a few thousand dollars a day, and it is a little awkward having him around all the time, especially on the date itself, but remember: Dating is a high-risk proposition these days. Your attorney's job is to follow you 24 hours a day and advise you on your every move. (You should choose a male lawyer, of course, because if your lawyer is a female . . . well, you know, people may

spread the story all over town.)

- *Have your prospective date sign a dating contract.* This is imperative. You and your attorney design it and print it. With your attorney present, have her read the form, answer any questions she may have and then have her sign it. Among other things, she agrees on this form that she is responsible for her own behavior, that she is mature enough to handle a dating situation and that she has a genuine interest in dating you. No signature, no date.

- *Hire a television crew.* You need a cameraman to shoot a video record of your every move and probably an audio man to check sound levels. Better have a guy to carry the battery packs, too. And you need a special infrared TV camera for night work, along with a directional mike and extra video tape.

- *Arrange satellite surveillance.* The cost of this one? Could be in the millions, but think of what it saves in the long run. Insist on something like the KH-11 or one of its later versions. Used properly, this baby can spot a zit on your nose from many miles in space and it can follow you anywhere. You'll need a sophisticated team to program it and launch it, a satellite-dish operator and photo-analysis expert and some good code breakers to scramble your data so that *her* satellite transmission can't screw up *your* satellite transmission. (You bet, space captain, she may have her own satellite, too!)

- *Hire fingerprint and voiceprint analyzers, as well as polygraph experts, physical surveillance people and phone freaks who can tap into anything and everything.* Right, it's getting crowded with all these people following you around. Can't be helped, though. This is the Nineties. You might try former FBI personnel for most of the surveillance jobs. And don't forget to take a lie-detector test after every date. Have her take one, too. Seal the test results in a bank vault. You may need them. Also, ask her to sign a release form after the date, testifying to the fact that in her opinion, you behaved yourself. Be sure to take your ink pad and towel along that first evening, too. Have to get her fingerprints, you understand. Nothing personal, just business. Because a guy can't be too careful these days, you know what I mean?

Yeah, I think you know what I mean.



By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

The phone rang. I picked it up.
 "I'm free! Free!" Laura yelled.
 "I'm fine, thank you, and you?"
 "OK, here's what happened," she said.
 "Yesterday, I was ready to die. I thought it was my last day in the play, the original actress was coming back. In the play, I am this independent person and I run around and have opinions and interact with other people and it sounds nuts, but lately, only when I'm on the stage have I felt alive, and happy, have I felt like *me*. I was really upset, and then, suddenly, I thought, I don't need the play to feel alive! I can feel alive in my actual life! So I broke up with Ken! I'm no longer 'Ken's girlfriend!' And, also, I'm still in the play!"

I felt a wave of nostalgia, like when I hear *American Pie* on the radio. I remembered the day my husband and I were both crying, and then he walked out of our house and the door closed and I sat thinking nothing for a few minutes, and then something snapped in my brain, and suddenly, out of nowhere, I remembered who I was, my awareness of self flooded through me. I'd been so busy being a wife I'd forgotten. It was a very mid-Seventies early-feminist moment, when independence was prized over connection. Then the phone rang again and I was back in the Nineties.

"Well," said Joanie, "he's ruined my life, so I'm going to ruin his. He'll be really sorry he fucked me over."

"You don't have to let him ruin your life," I said. "There's a certain amount of choice involved. I know he was sleeping with two other women and lied to you hundreds of times, but——"

"He's up for this job," said Joanie, who is a very powerful woman in publishing, "and I've got a call in to make sure he doesn't get it. Do you think he's miserable? Do you think he misses me?"

"What do you care what he thinks? The man's a scumbag."

"I know, I know, but do you think he's sad about me? I checked his mail this morning. I threw away his bank statement. I visited his neighbors. They hate him now. I want him to crawl back to me. On his hands and knees. I want him to come crawling back, and then I want to tell him to go fuck himself."

"Guess what happened to me yesterday," I said.

"I miss him so much," she said.

I finally hung up with her and went to



BREAKING UP IS EASY TO DO

meet Hank at the corner coffee shop.

"I'm heartbroken," Hank said.

"Still?" I asked testily. "Oh, sorry. It just seems that everyone I know is breaking up and they're way deep into it and they're all calling me for advice and I don't know what to say anymore. Can't anyone just talk about the weather?"

"Looks like rain," said Hank.

"Doesn't it, though?"

"Rain reminds me of her," he said.

"I thought it might," I said.

"I can't believe she's gone," he said. "She's right down the street, and she's gone. Boy, I really fucked up big."

"Look, you weren't even that crazy for her until the first time you two broke up, remember?"

"No, it wasn't exactly that; here's what happened. . . ."

"Don't tell me. The worst thing about people splitting up is that they have this compulsion to relate every detail of every minuscule moment of the breakup to anyone who will listen. I know I'm being mean to you; but I have been Florence Nightingale for months, and you're ready to move on."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are. I know that breaking up is a primal pain, major surgery of the psyche, almost as bad as if someone has died. At least you're not being a regular guy and pretending it's not happening.

Guys tend to avoid all the grief and anger and consequently stay damaged—all that hurt and rage festering inside them—for years. But I think you're staying attached to your heartache because it's a way of staying attached to her. You've got to get a grip. Let her go. She left you, she's going on with her life. And you're getting into this pain too much. You know what Joanie's doing?"

"I don't care."

"Joanie broke up with the creep six months ago. She still thinks about him every day. She's devoted to ruining his life. She's still completely involved with him. She's afraid to be alone, and this is her way of staying connected. Hank, move forward. Get a life."

"Oh, what do *you* know?" Hank said.

I went home. The phone rang.

"Well, it looks like Kurt and I are separating," said Rachel. "I hate that son of a bitch! I hate all men!"

"OK, Rachel, listen to me. Here's what you can expect. . . ."

And I told her everything I had learned since this hideous epidemic of breakups began. That you lose probably every shred of self-esteem you ever had. When you're rejected (and even if you're the one initiating the breakup, you feel rejected) by the person with whom you have had the most primal connection, your most miserable thoughts about yourself are confirmed. You feel ugly and stupid and fat and smelly. You feel utterly unlovable. You hit rock bottom. But it doesn't last forever.

"Well, aren't you a little ray of sunshine," Rachel said.

"Then there's the feeling of abandonment, and the humiliation of facing people and admitting you couldn't make it work. And the dreadful fear that no one new will ever love you again. . . ."

"Shut up or I'll shoot you," Rachel said.

"On the other hand, if you were with the right person, you wouldn't have broken up. So after you go through all the misery and hell, a tiny ray of relief will break through the clouds. You'll feel released from some kind of awful bondage and wonder what you could have seen in the guy anyway. You'll feel free! Free! Like Laura. She's bubbling with joy."

We hung up. The phone rang.

"I'm so miserable!" Laura cried.



what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SPY IN THE SKY

HONOLULU—Operation Wipeout, a joint-agency antidrug operation, decimated about 90 percent of Hawaii's marijuana crop this past summer, said the state's



attorney general, Warren Price. Price attributed crop detection to "space-age intelligence-gathering and photo-identification methods." Because the Pentagon was involved in a highly classified part of the operation, some experts suspect that military satellites were used. In addition, new helicopter-mounted nozzles, developed for accuracy, sprayed 785,000 marijuana plants with herbicide without harming surrounding foliage. The head of the DEA in Hawaii credits Operation Wipeout with driving the street price of pot upward from a low of \$1600 per pound to as high as \$6000—making it less affordable than cocaine.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—A national University of Michigan survey of high school seniors found that the percentage using pot has dropped from 37 in 1978 to 16.7 in 1989. Those figures seem to support a finding by the National Institute on Drug Abuse that peer disapproval of pot smoking increased from 48 to 71 percent in the same period.

NO WORD

SAN FRANCISCO—Rock band MX-80 is protesting censorship by not recording vocal tracks. "They may take away the free-

dom of speech, but they can never take away the freedom to shut up," said lead singer Rich Stim, urging other rockers to follow his lead. The band's new LP, "Das Love Boat," is the first solely instrumental recording to bear a warning that some listeners may find the material offensive.

RX: CANNABIS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Food and Drug Administration has authorized the use of marijuana for some AIDS patients. According to Robert Randall, head of the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics, pot reduces the nausea, vomiting and weight loss associated with AIDS. The FDA has allowed marijuana use two dozen times since 1976, when Randall, a glaucoma sufferer, became the first person approved to use marijuana for medical reasons. Randall's group aims to have the DEA reclassify marijuana in order to make it available on a prescription basis.

AND SURE ENOUGH...

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—Mills College professor Diana Russell holds that pornography leads to violence. The sociologist may have proved her point when she and two other female porn aficionados stormed into a grocery store and an adult bookstore in Bellingham, Washington, and tore up copies of Playboy and other men's magazines. After being arrested and charged with malicious mischief, Russell said she had long known she would one day take action.

LONDON—The British Home Office commissioned two scholars to study pornography studies conducted around the world in order to document an association between porn and violence. They found little evidence. In fact, they found that some pornography makes people less aggressive. (Except antipornographers, evidently.)

SEX, DRUGS AND THE POPE

VATICAN CITY—Pope John Paul II told the International Federation of Catholic Pharmacists that moral duty constrains pharmacists from dispensing drugs that can be used against life. Apparently referring to pills for birth control, abortion and euthanasia, the Pope said, "In distributing drugs, the pharmacist cannot renounce the needs of his conscience in the name of the

rigid laws of the market."

Meanwhile, Bishop Louis E. Gelineau of Providence, Rhode Island, has refused to let a local TV station broadcast church services because it aired a three-part series called "Love in the Rectory," reporting on sex in the Catholic priesthood.

MATRI-MONEY?

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—Married men earn on average 30.6 percent more than unmarried men, according to a University of Michigan survey. Three possible explanations: Employers are more likely to hire and promote married men, because they find them more stable; women are more likely to marry financially successful men; married men work harder if they have to support a wife and family.

ORGAN HEISTS

LAGOS, NIGERIA—At least six men have been beaten to death, stoned or shot in riots over the alleged theft of people's sexual organs. Fighting erupted in several streets and market places after some citizens claimed that a stranger had abducted their genitals. The street crowd—believing that some people have the power to steal penises



and women's breasts by means of a handshake or other casual contact—violently attacked the accused. A senior police official said that medical examinations of "theft" victims showed that "organs were in their natural place and functioning."

SOUND BYTES ON SEX

we listened in while the sex experts talked at their annual meeting

The topics range from achieving sexual peaks to the seeming inevitability of divorce. No, we are not talking about *The Oprah Winfrey Show* in sweeps week. Every year, members of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex assemble to present papers, opinions and hypotheses to their peers. This year, we asked **Marty Klein**, a California-based therapist, to eavesdrop.

ULTIMATE SEX

"Intense eroticism is almost never neat and clean. When I asked people to anonymously describe their most memorable encounters, virtually everyone's story was clearly energized by obstacles to be surmounted, rules to be broken or dangers to be avoided—and yet embraced. Surprises, firsts of all kinds and overwhelmed expectations also abounded. . . .

"Participants said they felt profoundly validated and cared for, if only for a moment. This holds true whether the encounter appears to be affirming or humiliating. Peak erotic experiences fulfill deep yearnings."—**JACK MORIN, PH.D.**, sex therapist

WORTHY OR FLIRTWORTHY?

"Our experiment compared college women who received positive feedback about their creativity from a flirtatious 'ad executive' with women who received the same positive feedback neutrally. The women who received the flirtatious feedback rated themselves lower in self-evaluations than the other group did. Apparently, women interpreted the flirty praise as insincere and began to doubt their own abilities."—**ARTHUR SATTERFIELD, M.A.**, and **CHARLENE MUEHLENHARD, PH.D.**, psychologists at the University of Kansas

RAPE ED

"There is now evidence that colleges can actually do something to change students' attitudes toward rape. Our study of almost five hundred undergraduates showed that a month after hearing a rape-education lecture, students were less supportive of rape myths than other students

were. Including such a lecture in student-orientation activities may have positive results."—**JAYME JONES, M.A.**, and **CHARLENE MUEHLENHARD, PH.D.**, psychologists at the University of Kansas

THE SEXUAL CRUCIBLE

"The route to intimacy and intense eroticism is quite different from what the public and most professionals believe and pursue. It actually involves helping people grow up, accept that they're going to die one day and understand that true intimacy and sexual passion inevitably involve disappointment and pain."—**DAVID M. SCHNARCH, PH.D.**, sex therapist at LSU Medical Center

TERRORIZING TEENAGERS

"We need to help young people become sexually healthy adults. We must not sacrifice the sexual rights of young people—their rights to AIDS information, sexuality education, family-planning programs, abortion services. We cannot say to the teenagers of America, 'Just say no—or die.'"—**DEBRA HAFNER**, executive director of SIECUS

EXCELLENT ORGASMS

"Our unconscious, socialized fear of losing reality interferes with our ability to be profoundly aroused. As a result, most people rush to have intercourse prematurely. They impatiently start it before they get fully—and that means wildly—aroused. Their orgasm is then incomplete—it cannot be an altered state of consciousness. . . .

"That is why people are not sexually satisfied. Unconsciously uncomfortable with intense arousal, they go for a relatively quick release rather than savoring and building the arousal and going for a profoundly satisfying intercourse only when it

is totally, overwhelmingly inescapable."—**STELLA RESNICK, PH.D.**, psychologist

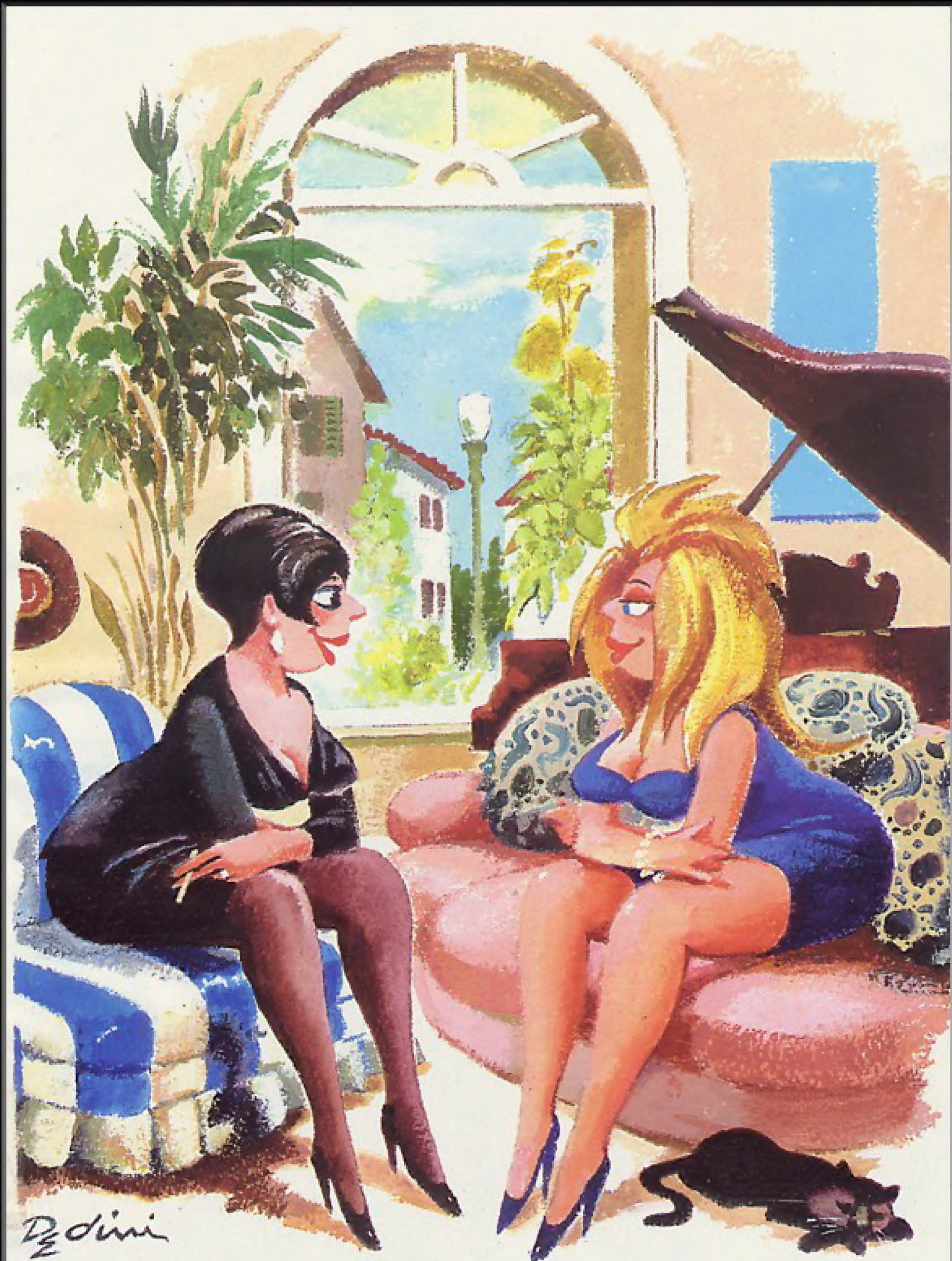
FOUR-YEAR ITCH

"There is divorce in virtually every society around the world, which follows a remarkably uniform pattern. Why do people everywhere tend to divorce right around the fourth year of marriage, during the height of their reproductive and parenting years? . . .



"In today's hunting and gathering societies—the model for all our human ancestors—continuous nursing and high levels of exercise inhibit ovulation. This creates a natural birth spacing of about four years. So the marriage duration around the world corresponds to the historic human birth interval of four years. . . .

"Why should human pair bonds be permanent? Monogamy and adultery go hand in hand. If you ignore the polite social myths about what humans supposedly do, you see the reproductive/sexual strategy as it has always been: serial monogamy and clandestine adultery. If we survive as a species, this will also be our pattern a million years from now."—**HELEN FISHER, PH.D.**, anthropologist at the American Museum of Natural History, New York



"As a housewife, I missed out on sex in the workplace, but I pretty well covered my immediate neighborhood."



GIVE US A BREAK!

playboy visits the sites of spring in florida, texas and california

IT'S MARCH, you've just finished your mid-terms and now have two choices: spend a week at home with the parental units, boning up on your calculus, or caravan with friends for a week of hedonistic high-jinks in the land of sun, surf, suds and well-toned women. Tough decision? Hardly. More than 1,000,000 collegians each year set aside their books in favor of a week-long education they can't get in a classroom. Call it Spring Break 101, for which the only prerequisite is a "Let's get totally wild" attitude. *Playboy* photographers followed the masses to three of the top spring-break hot spots—Daytona Beach, Florida; South Padre Island, Texas; and Palm Springs, California. Here are their visual notes. Start memorizing, dudes.



A real crowd pleaser, Duncanville, Texas, native Carolyn O'Briant (opposite, participating in a tan-line competition) has taken home more than \$3000 in prize money in the past year for sharing her personal assets in bikini, hot-legs and skirt-flirt contests throughout the Lone-Star State. This was her first spring break, she says, adding: "I knew it would be crazy, but never this wild." In Palm Springs (top), banners spell out the California celebrants' motto while the guys in the background guzzle a few cold ones from a beer bong. Across the continent (above), well-oiled beauties in Daytona Beach, Florida, strike a more sobering pose.



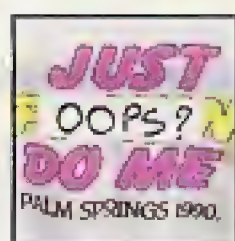
Lick-it!
Suck-it!
Slam-it!

Tired of the same old faces around campus? Spring break attracts students from hundreds of U.S. colleges. Meet Kari Beth La Croix (left). Hotter than the Palm Springs desert sun, Kari is a Palm Desert resident and college sophomore who's searching for a mysterious, intelligent man who wants to take control. He had better not expect her to sit around watching *Monday Night Football*, though. Kari likes only sports involving water. She's not alone in her desire to get wet. A thirsty spring breaker on South Padre gets a lift to the tap (above), while in Daytona (opposite, top left and right), romance blossoms on the beach and ice water puts things into perspective. Gina Boggie, from Shoreline Community College in north Seattle, and her pal Michelle Mullica, of suburban Denver (opposite, bottom), catch a South Padre wave. And the sun may be shining, but there's a full moon at a body-painting contest nearby (below). In Palm Springs (bottom), you'll need some transportation for the cruise down Palm Canyon Drive (there's no beach in the desert, so this is where everyone hangs). We suggest a bullet bike and a passenger in thong bikini. Perhaps someone like Wendy Christine (bottom left), a University of Georgia senior who'll go along for the ride, if you're "tall, dark, handsome and don't have too much hair on your chest."



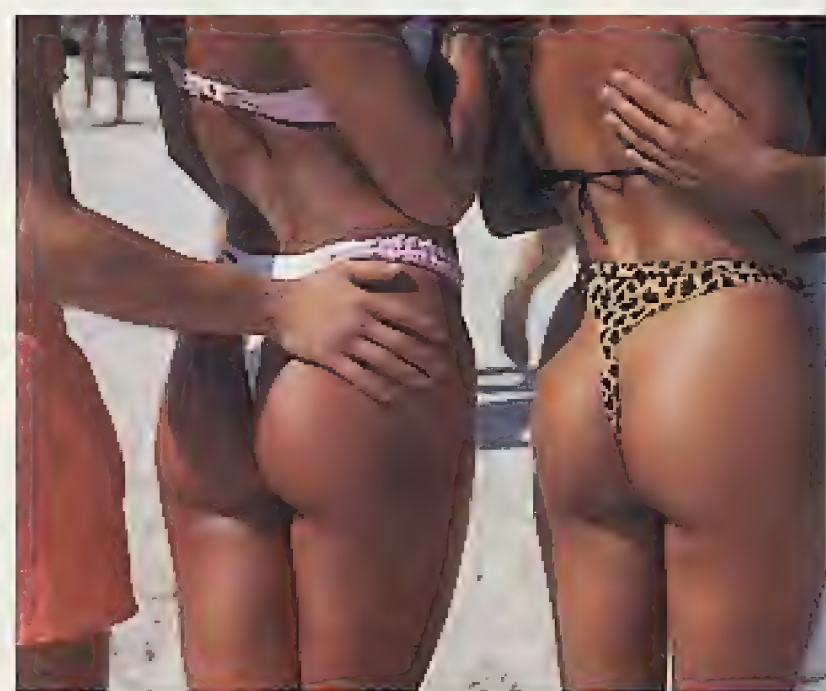






People watching is a favorite spring-break pastime. In Daytona, you can drive your car right up onto the beach to check out the sights (opposite, top and bottom left). You'll need a blanket on South Padre—we suggest you plant it alongside someone special, such as Christine Hedrick (opposite, center left) or Brittney Raché (opposite, top right).

Brittney is a fitness instructor in north Texas, as well as an aspiring actress. But family comes before fame in her book. "My parents have the strongest marriage I've ever seen," she says. "I can only hope I'll be that lucky." Christine, another Hollywood hopeful, is a Kansas City resident who doesn't expect to get by on looks alone. She's studying theater and broadcast performance and says, "The most attractive attribute one can have is an outgoing, friendly personality." Our photographer tells us she has much more. So does Joan Donato (opposite, bottom right), a New York City native and aerobics instructor who moonlights as a model. Not all female spring breakers are looking for the limelight. Andi Carey (top right) is studying biological research at Indiana University in Bloomington. Maybe the crowds in Palm Springs (above) and Daytona Beach (right and below) will give her insight into animal behavior.





"I'm going to be a star," says Ramah Tabory (top left) during her photo session in Palm Springs. This 5'4", 113-pound model and dancer says she's a happy person and loves to make other people feel the same way. Men who are pushy, overly aggressive or hung up on money will never benefit from Ramah's generosity, though. She likes guys who are low key and "secure enough to be themselves." Another Palm Springs vacationer, Cherish Cass (top right), is a self-described tomboy who can often be found tooling under the hood of a car or racing down the California highways on her motorcycle. While Cherish is on the road, Daytona spring breaker Soula Theo (opposite page) is likely to be at home preparing her favorite Greek meal. A Wisconsin restaurant manager and part-time model, Soula takes pride in her heritage. She studies folk dancing in her spare time and hopes to own a Greek restaurant someday. This entrepreneurial spirit runs in the family, she says: "Both of my parents own their own business." Soula got a kick out of posing for *Playboy*; another spring breaker on South Padre (below) flips over the opportunity. And while Palm Springs traffic (bottom) left no room for acrobatics, folks seem to have all the right moves poolside in South Padre (bottom left) as well as on the sidewalks of Palm Springs (center left).

While Cherish is on the road, Daytona spring breaker Soula Theo (opposite page) is likely to be at home preparing her favorite Greek meal. A Wisconsin restaurant manager and part-time model, Soula takes pride in her heritage. She studies folk dancing in her spare time and hopes to own a Greek restaurant someday. This entrepreneurial spirit runs in the family, she says: "Both of my parents own their own business." Soula got a kick out of posing for *Playboy*; another spring breaker on South Padre (below) flips over the opportunity. And while Palm Springs traffic (bottom) left no room for acrobatics, folks seem to have all the right moves poolside in South Padre (bottom left) as well as on the sidewalks of Palm Springs (center left).





THE GIRL was blonde, sexy, beautiful, and the way she fondled her Heineken seemed to beckon, *Take me home*. But when Michael met her at a college party ten years ago, he wasn't sold. After half an hour of dancing, he abandoned her by the bean dip because of one unforgivable flaw: She was only 19 years old.

"I was twenty-two, a month away from graduation, and I didn't like to date younger girls," says Michael, now a 32-year-old video producer in New York. "Back then, I thought there was this huge gulf between nineteen and twenty-two—she was only a year out of high school, but I was about to go out into the world. Why waste my time with some kid?"

So it came as a shock last year when Michael's friends met his new lover. He'd found her on the set of a commercial shoot and had wined and dined her for weeks before introducing her to his gang. Julie shocked his friends not because she looked so perfect—she was blonde, sexy and beautiful—but because she was only 19 years old.

When Julie left the room, Michael's friends closed in for the grill.

"I don't know—I just like her," he said helplessly. "I can't help it if she's nineteen." Since college, he'd had three long-term relationships with women his age; he lived with two of them, almost married the other. He'd never been interested in younger women. So why was he suddenly dating a girl just this side of jailbait, a pouty-lipped plaything who was *five years old* when he was a freshman in college? Julie ate Cocoa Krispies, watched endless MTV, had homework to do and waged constant fights with her mom and dad. It was like—like dating a *teenager*. What was Michael doing?

Whatever it was, he wasn't alone. His best friend, a 30-year-old photographer, had dated a 21-year-old for nearly a year. Three of Julie's girlfriends also dated older men. Sometimes Michael and the guys got together at the corner bar, toasting the wonders of coeds. But while he outwardly joked, inwardly he wondered if he were going screwy. Some of his friends called him "cradle robber" and said he needed years of therapy. Now even he wondered what the hell he was doing.

It took an article in *The New York Times* to clear things up. Michael and his friend weren't cradle robbing—they were "poaching," a sociological phenomenon that's sweeping America and may be the dating trend of the Nineties.

Men have dated younger women since cave-man days, but poaching has a modern twist. The *Times* says it's caused by a variety of sociological factors:

- There's a shortage of single women in America. For every six single men between 20 and 29, there are only five single women. In a kind of sexual musical chairs, many men are forced to "date down" in age to find desirable partners.
- Women are having babies at a younger age. Since the Sixties, many women have put off childbirth until their mid-30s, focusing first on careers. But late childbirth has medical and psychological risks; in a post-feminist backlash, more women are now having children in their late 20s or even earlier. Many men are forced to date younger and younger women if they merely want sex and fun or relationships with low levels of commitment.
- The single-women shortage causes stiff competition among single men 18 to 24, but their problem is compounded by yet another threat: older, more

THE FINE ART *of* POACHING

article

By DAVID SEELEY

in today's romantic
market place, young guys
are being aced out by
thirty-something sharks
with new money
and some very old moves



affluent men like Michael who swoop down to poach young girls away from them. These poachers have formidable advantages: They're more confident, successful, sophisticated and worldly. Some even drive Porsches.

Finally, the Nineties may be so high-tech and speedy that the mid-life crisis strikes men earlier than ever. Instead of going on a tear when they're 42 and divorced, American men today feel frighteningly old at 30. They see 21-year-old screenwriters cutting million-dollar deals, Brat Pack sex symbols who barely need to shave, novelists and software czars who've made it big at 22. Poachers breeze through their 20s, sure they'll be young forever. When their 30th birthday hits like a brick wall, they do the only reasonable thing: They have affairs with sexy young girls.

You'd think this would solve all their problems. Michael has a cool job, an expense account, a loft in downtown Manhattan. He's constantly jetting from New York to L.A. and, on top of that, he's dating a wrinkle-free babe who could have leapt from the pages of this magazine. So why is he anxious? Because poaching has perils as well as pleasures. Sleeping with vibrant, beautiful young girls can be *dangerous, embarrassing, humiliating*. Michael has endured torment, practical jokes and what may be an ulcer since he set his sights on a college girl. And compared with some guys, he has gotten off easy.

WHY MEN POACH

What's so great about college girls? Patrick, a 34-year-old Dallas architect, has a simple answer.

"Fresher minds and fresher bodies," he says rapturously. "When you've dated women for fifteen years or so, you start getting stale romantically. With younger girls, everything's fresh again. Women my age get narrow about what they can or can't do, everything from sex and drugs to just going to a movie on a moment's notice. But you can call younger girls at the last minute on a Saturday night or drag them to hear some band at midnight on a Monday, and they'll think it's great. They're almost like a tonic—when I'm with them, I feel more stimulated, alive."

Dan, a 32-year-old Los Angeles copy writer, likes having the freedom to romance younger girls without worrying that he's leading them on. "With women my age, you have to be careful how close you get. If you give a thirty-year-old woman flowers, it's almost like a proposal of marriage. But with a younger girl, you can make all kinds of gestures. You can let yourself go, indulge in the kind of whirlwind romance you used to have all the time in your younger twenties."

Poaching can be like moving to Paris or Berlin—there's a whole new culture to be absorbed. College girls speak a different language; their CD players pump out bands from another galaxy, with names like the Buck Pets, An Emotional Fish, Chickasaw Mudd Puppies and the Goo Goo Dolls. Their look may change radically in 24 hours, from a Deadhead tie-dyed shirt and rose-tinted glasses to bicycle pants and a push-up bra. Their lives tend to be frantic, jammed with dates, classes and curious jobs. A poacher may arrive for a date to find one of her roommates gulping pills while clutching *The Bell Jar*, another doing yoga nude on a fold-out couch, while the poachee herself slips a diamond stud in her nose and says, "Won't be a second."

Coeds may ask a poacher to lick acid from a blotter sheet of Bart Simpson heads, climb a water tower at three A.M. or eat Ethiopian food out of a can. These things just don't happen with 30-year-old women, who'd rather phone out for Chinese and watch *Ghost* on the VCR.

Michael felt as electrified as Patrick when he started dating a younger girl. Julie had an alarming level of energy and an appetite for food, drink and sex that kept him reeling. Racing the streets of Manhattan only an hour before dawn, he'd gather Julie in his arms, clutch her slender, almost anorexic rib cage and kiss her just to catch his breath. The years seemed to fall away from him; he bought cooler clothes, went out every night. Other young women began to flirt with him, and soon he wasn't going out with just Julie. After 15 years of being someone's longtime, dependable boyfriend, and to the astonishment of his friends, Michael became a sex god.

WHO'S POACHING WHOM?

When coeds get entangled with 30-year-old men, it's not always clear who's poaching whom. Many college girls aren't content with schoolgirl romances—they see frat boys chugging beer and mooning passers-by and shake their heads at such juvenile nonsense. What these coeds want is a man, someone with a level of politesse few college boys can attain. And they aren't shy about going out and finding him.

"I haven't dated guys my age since I was fourteen," says Laurie, a 21-year-old University of Texas junior. "I watch my friends with their boyfriends, and I'm glad I don't. It's a drag when a guy is still living with his parents or still in school or broke all the time. I'd much rather date a guy who's more established, who makes a living and knows what he's doing. Older men have been around more and done more. They

have more to offer. They're more respectful and more polite—they aren't just concerned with getting drunk and getting laid."

Kate, a 22-year-old graduate of Columbia, couldn't agree more.

"A girl has to be crazy these days to go out with guys under thirty," she says. "Guys in their twenties just don't know whether they're coming or going—it's a kind of confusion that fades away later on. Guys my age are like, 'Maybe I should do this, maybe I should do that,' and these are all questions I answered long ago. They just have very little to offer at that age."

Kate finds it perfectly normal to date men ten years older. "It's no big deal. Relating-wise, it just works better. It's also what I call the work issue: Who's doing the work? With younger men, I get so tired of suggesting things, pointing out things, saying, 'Perhaps we should do this.' It's just a vast and incredible relief to date older guys, because they know what to do."

SEX AND THE SINGLE POACHER

Nabokov's *Lolita* was blessed with a curious mixture of innocence and eerie vulgarity. The same can be said for many college girls, who may have blind spots in the most basic areas—such as groping or undressing in a provocative way—but be marvelously skilled in the most advanced, unlikely perversions. Poachers may not encounter any coed virgins (70 percent of women have had intercourse by the age of 18, and girls who date older men are probably even more likely to be sexually active), but they're certain to find some surprises. One girl told Dan that she lost her virginity at 16—while wearing handcuffs. And that was just for starters.

"Women my age aren't into recreational sex," Michael says. "But college girls are at that experimental stage where they want to try *everything*. It's almost like they're more like guys when it comes to sex. They can have an affair just for the excitement, without its becoming a big deal."

Patrick has had many carnal coed adventures. One girl shared him with her roommate on a cold winter night, after the heater broke in her apartment. Their *ménage à trois* progressed to the music of chattering teeth, and everything Patrick touched had goose pimples. Another time, he spent the weekend with a girl who, in an apotheosis of poaching, took out her retainer before performing oral sex.

But not all coeds are wild and kinky—some approach sex with a shyness and eagerness to learn that make poachers grow faint with longing.

"Sometimes I feel like an explorer,"

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POACHING

(continued from page 88)

Dan says. "Women my age have tried everything. You can't find an inch of skin on their bodies that some guy hasn't drooled over. But college girls have usually had only a few inept lovers." He gets a far-off look, dreaming about all those untouched ankles and unnibbled buttocks.

Coeds seem to appreciate the poachers' interest; the admiration is decidedly mutual. "Men over thirty are better lovers, hands down," says Kate. "I had a boyfriend once who was my age, and mysteriously enough—what's a nice way to say this?—he'd never, um, *administered* oral sex before. It was just his thing. He just didn't.

"If we're going to be technical—and sometimes that makes all the difference—the men I've been with who are older really know what they're doing. It's not younger men's fault that it's this way. Women's bodies are complicated."

Kate described how one man, while kissing her good night, made a sudden deft movement underneath her skirt and stole a furtive caress. "I have to say, whatever he was doing, it felt thoroughly incredible. It's just amazing to be with somebody who knows what you need better than you do. And that's happened to me only with older men."

Kate's naïveté reflects the poacher's only sexual complaint: A coed's inexperience can lead to mishaps in the sack—lethal teeth and fingernails, elbows in the eyes, tumbles off the mattress. Michael and Dan even admitted that they missed the comfort and ease of sex with women their age.

A HOWL FROM THE GALLERY

What happens to a poacher's old life once he descends into the frantic world of coed romance? Well, it's still there—the only difference is, everyone in it is laughing at him. When a 32-year-old man starts sleeping with a 19-year-old girl, his friends, family and co-workers gang up on him like so many shrinks, priests and stand-up comics. Their comments range from disbelief ("You can't be serious—she's *nineteen*?") to jocularity ("Is her mommy paying you to babysit?") to outright hostility—especially from women the poacher's age.

"I think they tend to be a little threatened by the whole thing," Patrick says. "They react especially harshly if you've gone out with them in the past. Several women have accused me of dating young girls because I'm afraid to grow up. They want me to accept something predictable instead of what I really want. . . . They want me to buy a Buick when I'd rather have a Lamborghini."

Some poachers simply drop out of sight, unable to bear the endless taunts and ribbing. This can be disorienting, since it means immersion in a world of

college kids. Since the poacher no longer sees his friends, he's constantly surrounded by hers. Not all of them will be as poised and sophisticated as his girlfriend—in fact, some will be certifiably teenaged, unconscionably young. On a date at a pizza parlor, he may be the only one not wearing Oxy 5. Every teenager in the place will stare at him, wondering, Is he somebody's uncle? Is he chaperoning a church youth group, or what? His lover's friends will giggle, stealing rolled-eyed looks at their friend's "father of the month." Sleeping with younger girls may once have made him feel 19, but nights like these make a poacher feel closer to 60.

DISILLUSIONMENT SETS IN

No matter how grown up a coed may seem, sooner or later she's bound to slip up. New Kids on the Block will blast accidentally from her tape deck; Twinkies will tumble from her Anne Klein bag. But these are just tremors compared with the true horror to come. Sooner or later, every poacher of coeds 18 to 20 hears the Dreaded Five Words: "May I see your I.D.?"

In a dark Manhattan night club, Michael looked up to see a man grilling Julie. They were with a crowd of his friends, celebrating the wrap of a video shoot; he'd already been nervous about their reaction to her. Now, as they watched Julie fumble through her Batman purse, he felt a growing wave of panic. No, not panic—*humiliation*.

"It's here somewhere," she stalled, finally producing a battered college I.D. from Iowa or maybe Idaho—an I.D. so badly faked her picture drifted around inside the plastic, like one of those moving pictures at the top of a ballpoint pen.

The manager aimed a flashlight at the I.D. for interminable seconds, while Michael tried to shrink inside his leather jacket. God, to be *carded* in front of all his friends. How could he ever live it down? He soon got a chance to find out, when the manager escorted Julie and him to the door.

"I told my friends we'd meet them later," Michael says, "but I told Julie I was beat and took her home. I knew she couldn't help being nineteen, and I knew it was stupid, but I was mad at her. I mean, the last time I was carded on a date with a girl, Jimmy Carter was President. That night, I wondered, Who needs this? Give me a *grown* woman, a *legal* woman!"

Dan had his own bottom-out moment with a college girl. One night, he took a 20-year-old home from a date and pulled a bottle of Moët from the fridge. (He'd learned months before that coeds weren't always big on liquor.) But this one wasn't much on bubbly, either. She told him that all she really liked was Boone's Original Strawberry Hill wine.

"I'd just met her," Dan says, "and

filling this girl with strawberry wine seemed like a good idea. So we went to a liquor store, but when we got to the door, she stopped kind of nervously and said, 'Should I wait out here?' It was cold and rainy, and she was going to wait out on the sidewalk. I felt like an old drunk buying liquor for a teenager. And I was!"

When they aren't buying fake I.D.s or slurping bright-red wine, many coeds are displaying their generation's astonishing ignorance of geography and history. They think Nicaragua is in Africa someplace; they place Canada smack in the middle of the Indian Ocean. Dan likes to trip coeds up on the simplest historical points.

"I tell them that when I was born, there were only forty-eight states. Their eyes get all wide, like I used to live in covered-wagon days. They don't know that Alaska and Hawaii became states just thirty-two years ago. Another time, I asked a girl whose side we were on in the Vietnam war. She said, 'Well . . . Vietnam's, right? Is this a trick question?'"

Patrick is one poacher who has yet to be disillusioned. As he sees it, coeds are much brighter than women his age. "They're being exposed to learning in a structured way," he says. "Things are still percolating around in their brains. If I want to talk about Hegel and Proust with a woman my age, she'll be straining to remember some lecture from 1977, whereas a college girl may have just read them this morning."

POACHING'S GRAVEST DANGER

For ivory poachers on the plains of Africa, it's government troops who blast AK-47s randomly into the bush. For a poacher of coeds, it's something even more terrifying: her parents.

When a poacher clashes with a young girl's parents, perhaps for the first time since his senior prom in 1978, he'll discover a striking contrast in the way his girl and her parents view her maturity. His girlfriend sees herself as a woman, wise and proud and 19, old enough to vote and die on desert battlefields. Her parents see her as a little girl just a year out of high school who has "fallen in with a bad element"—namely, her 30-something boyfriend.

One night last summer, Patrick was in bed with an 18-year-old he'd been seeing for months. They were still awake at five A.M., half-drunk, still caressing and talking, when a jangling phone made them jump out of their skins.

"It was her mother," Patrick recalls, his face still aghast months later. "Sarah had just started college and still lived with her parents, but that night, she hadn't wanted to go home. She was always having tussles with her parents about curfews; they were trying to retain their influence over her and she was trying to deny it to them."

Sarah wouldn't get on the phone, so

Patrick talked with her mother himself.

"It seemed like ages," he groans. "It might have been just two and a half minutes. She said something like, 'Sarah's father and I are concerned about her because she spends so much time away from home and she's supposed to come home early and we don't know what she's doing. . . .' I tried to take the tone of another person talking about Sarah from a perspective similar to theirs, pretending to be circumspect and responsible and not the kind of guy who would have their daughter in his bed at five A.M." He laughs nervously at the memory. "I talked as if I had nothing to do with Sarah's being there, but since I happened to be there and observed it, I would report on it."

Sarah just sat in bed with the sheet pulled up to her naked breasts, the gray light of dawn on her face.

"And of course it looked lovely on her," Patrick says, sighing.

Did the ordeal make him wonder whether young girls were really worth the trouble?

"No! I wouldn't have missed it for the world! How could I possibly have such a scene with an older woman? I live for things like that. It's a drama, an incident, which is my life goal—to live a life of incidents."

THE COEDS GET RESTLESS

Men aren't the only ones who have second thoughts about poaching—coeds are just as likely to feel, well, *creepy* and *gross* about dating someone a decade older. Their illusions are just as fragile. For a while, an older boyfriend makes them feel worldly, sophisticated, grown up. But inevitably, he makes a fatal slip. He'll treat her like a kid, laugh at something she meant to be serious or say, "Boy, when I was your age. . . ."

"I've heard that so many times, I'm like, 'Fuck you!'" Laurie says. "Some older guys act like everything I'm going through is a phase. They have this condescending attitude that they're wiser and older and know everything. It gets on my nerves."

Pointing out their girlfriends' youth is a mistake many poachers make. Another is expecting them to be impressed by a fat wallet, a sleek car or a high-powered business card.

"Some men think I'm supposed to be impressed by their jobs or by how much money they have, all kinds of dumb things that don't impress me at all," Kate says. She mentioned one rather wealthy man she'd had a date with. "He seemed to think I was supposed to just naturally fall on my face for him because he was rich and older. But he was unattractive, not very bright and, frankly, balding. There were just so many assumptions going on there."

Many poachers make the mistake of acting interested in their girlfriends'

youthfulness instead of in who they really are. Laurie and Kate bristle at the thought of being merely fresh young faces.

"I'm suspicious of men who can't deal with people their own age," Kate says. "If they get too much of a kick out of this youthful stuff, it grosses me out. You should like people for who they are. I like older men because relating-wise, it works better. And that's how they should feel. The problem is when you start to feel like a trophy. If they're like, 'She's cute and younger, wowee!'—ugh, that's just gross!"

Perhaps the worst poaching mistake is expecting young girls to act like grownups. Some poachers win young girlfriends and immediately set about turning them into 30-year-olds. Laurie abhors men who tell her things like, "Everyone's gone through what you're go-

ing through, so get over it."

Kate bolts when men try to change her behavior. "The idea that, like, I couldn't sit around listening to rock and roll, for instance—that would be it for me."

THE LONG ROAD BACK

Poaching, like all vices, is handled better by some than by others. Men such as Patrick know how to handle it—they steer calmly through the uproars and escapades of coed life, accepting their young girls' naïveté and shortcomings with good humor. They never panic, like Michael, or complain when their young lovers misplace continents, like Dan. But it may be men such as Patrick who'll ultimately find it hard to let poaching go—especially if they see it as a way to escape their 30s. On many levels, that's just what poaching is—an escape, whether it's from women who want to settle down

and marry, from the ever-increasing responsibilities of adult life or from even darker worries, such as a fear of death.

Michael, for one, admits that turning 30 filled him with terror. For the first time, he realized he wouldn't be young forever, that he'd hit his 40s, 50s, 60s and eventually *die*. Poaching provided a way to blow off steam for a while, to hold back the rushing tide of time.

"I mean, I work in a young business, I dress like a young person, I wear my hair long, I do everything I can to reject the idea that I'm *thirty-two* years old," says Michael. But there are signs that he's coming to terms with his *Zeitgeist*. After almost a year of poaching NYU girls, Columbia girls, girls who rode trains in from Wellesley and Smith, he recently started dating a 29-year-old woman. "We just clicked immediately," he says. "She really may be the one."

At last word, Dan was in the midst of a frantic weekend hosting a visiting coed who'd brought two girlfriends along unannounced. "It's a madhouse," he yelled into the phone, over the blasting chords of the Chickasaw Mudd Puppies or the Goo Goo Dolls, he wasn't sure which. He sounded harried but still hooked on the thrill of poaching, though he says he realizes it can't go on forever.

Only Patrick swears he'll be a poacher for life. He can even see himself marrying one of his young coeds one day, if the timing is right and he's overwhelmed by romance. He says this knowing full well the fickleness and changeability of the girls he loves. "After being married for three months, she might decide she loves someone else, and I'd be crushed and never show myself again. But it would be more dramatic and adventurous than marrying a thirty-year-old."

Why does Patrick cling so tight to the poaching ropes? He's heading into his fourth year of it, plummeting into his mid-30s, leaving behind many of the friends his age he once had. Is he running away from something, or is he just having a good time?

"I may be trying to conquer my age," he admits, "but is that such a bad thing? Maybe overlooking the fact that I'm getting older isn't sensible, but trying to retain a bit of freshness and a spontaneous attitude seems good to me."

In the end, poaching may offer more than it seems to. It's not just about sleeping with sexy young coeds—it's about rediscovering the young man inside yourself, reclaiming things you wish you'd never lost and discovering aspects of your self you never want to give up. As a poacher, you may gain a renewed longing and admiration for women your age and find enough vigor and enthusiasm to revitalize your grown-up life.

"One more thing," Dan says. "You get to sleep with sexy young coeds."



"I tried for the house and I got custody of the mortgage."





Bucke Brown

*"You're not really gonna stick that treaty
up your ass, are you, sir?"*

as men grapple with their
blocked maturity, a figure
of primal strength has
emerged from the ooze

CALL OF THE WILD

article By Asa Baber This is about a revolution in male self-perception. Women have had their opportunity to create their cultural revolution. Now it is our turn. After too many years of allowing other people to define us, we are going to define ourselves.

Just for openers, do you remember when you first realized that men had their own problems in this culture? Was there a moment when you saw that sexism was as frequently targeted against men as against women?

When did you recognize that the formation of a solid male identity was not always easy to achieve in this society, that there were as many obstacles to growth and maturity and equality for men as there were for women?

And, finally, how long have you yearned to turn this feminized and prejudiced culture on its ear and assert your own identity and worth as a man?

Stick around; the next revolution is happening. Men—the average guy, not the *GQ* dandy, not the teacher's pet—are taking back the culture. It is a great time to be alive.

The seeds of my own revolution were planted early. The year was 1973. The place was Honolulu. At the time, I was losing custody of my two sons, Jim and Brendan, ages eight and five.

The sexism against men that I found in divorce court and its attendant



provinces was overwhelming. In law offices, in courtrooms, in counseling sessions with the so-called experts who staffed the system, in classroom meetings with teachers and administrators, I was learning that the sexist bias against men in child-custody matters was intense and all-encompassing. The male in the divorce process was considered an irrelevant appendage to the nuclear family.

I fought hard for it, but I knew in my heart that I didn't have much of a chance of winning custody of Jim and Brendan. In those days, something like 95 percent of contested child custody cases were resolved in favor of the mother. (The figures are a little better today, but the system is still stacked against the father's rights.)

I had been a good father, a very involved father, a man who had spent at least as much time with his children as their mother had. But I lost custody of my sons, and the weight of that decision shattered me. I was losing the two most important people in my life, young sons who had taught me how to love, how to nurture, how to pare down my aggressive ego and place other human beings ahead of myself.

After the divorce, I went through several years of feeling unmanly and useless. Cut off from my sons—communications between us often obstructed, visitation frequently under threat of change and postponement—I had no pride in myself as a male.

All of these difficulties and failures were important things for me to experience, however. Without any preconceived plan, I started writing about the subject of men and the sexist prejudices they endure. At first, I wrote for myself, to explain things to myself. And then I got lucky. *Playboy* published an article of mine in December 1978 titled *Who Gets Screwed in a Divorce? I Do!* In that article, I talked about the difficult problems that men face in divorce and child-custody cases. I discussed the need for divorce reform. I also considered a larger subject (and one that is central to the next revolution): "How can we find identity and pride and self-worth as men?"

It was a simple but important question, and not many people were asking it publicly in those days. "Men must begin making a case for themselves," I wrote. "Manhood is an honorable condition. . . . It seems clear that men need help today perceiving themselves as men, and such help can come only from themselves." I outlined certain qualities that American males have in abundance but do not always advertise, including qualities such as courage, generosity, sensitivity, intellect, wit and humor. "Men have a job to do

redefining our roles and reaching out for health and identity," I wrote.

My 1978 prediction about male resourcefulness turned out to be accurate. It took us a while, but here at the beginning of the Nineties, we are redefining our roles as men. That is what the next revolution is about: the establishment of a tough and loving male identity that cannot be obliterated by the sexism and prejudice under which we live.

We are aiming for the very best qualities of manhood. In pursuit of this goal, groups of men across the country are starting to meet on evenings and weekends to attend workshops, to think and explore and write and examine their roles as men. True, their efforts are occasionally awkward and improvisational and, yes, there are times when their methods could easily be mocked and misunderstood. But that does not discourage them. "For this is the journey that men make," wrote James Michener in *The Fires of Spring*. "To find themselves. If they fail in this, it doesn't matter what else they find."

•

In April 1982, I published my first *Men* column, "Role Models." In it, I talked about the way men learn and work and grow: "Men are by nature collegiate. We are convivial scavengers, patching our personalities together with chewing gum and baling wire. We collect traits from a million different sources."

The sources we are using to patch together our male revolution are likewise numerous and eclectic. They include the writings of Carl Jung, the poems, stories and interviews of Robert Bly, Bruno Bettelheim's theories about the uses of enchantment, fragments of fairy tales from the brothers Grimm, the work of Joseph Campbell, medieval legends about King Arthur's court, the perceptions and storytelling of the contemporary mythologist Michael Meade, the novels of D. H. Lawrence, the writings of William James, American Indian practices and rituals, segments of classical Greek myths, the writings and lectures of John Bradshaw on the origins and functions of shame in our culture, the insights of Jungian psychoanalyst Robert Moore and a host of other influences and properties.

Let's take a quick look at two men from the roster just listed: Joseph Campbell and Robert Bly.

A fundamental source for our next revolution is the work of the late scholar Joseph Campbell. His writings, including such books as *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* and *Myths to Live By*, and his interviews with Bill Moyers on PBS

(published under the title *The Power of Myth*), have shown men how to take myths and stories from different ages and different cultures and make them useful in their own lives.

Myths are "models for understanding your own life," Campbell says. "Anybody going on a journey, inward or outward, to find values, will be on a journey that has been described many times in the myths of mankind."

It is this idea of the journey inward, every man an explorer and hero as he faces his inner self, that suits us as men today. Our fathers and their fathers before them faced great hazards and overcame them with courage and persistence. And although their journeys were generally outward bound, not inner directed, the heroes of those ancient myths serve as examples as we confront our own difficulties and scrutinize the dynamics of our own male identity. Granted, it takes some grandiosity for the contemporary American male to see himself as an explorer embarking on a difficult expedition, but he is just that.

Under the fire of contemporary feminist scolding and sexism, the average man has been forced to question his identity and sexuality, and he has usually done so in isolation. But if he examines the myths of the past, he will learn that he is not as sequestered as he thought, that other men have traveled into treacherous territory before, experienced certain risks and come out of the labyrinth alive and well.

Take the tale of Aeneas. Wandering the world after the fall of Troy, Aeneas ventures into the underworld in search of his father, Anchises. Aeneas fords the dreadful river Styx, braves his way past Cerberus, the monstrous three-headed watchdog of Hades and finally manages to converse with the ghost of Anchises, who teaches Aeneas things he needs to know to continue his journey. Like most sons encountering a long-absent father, Aeneas tries to embrace his father, but his efforts are in vain; his father is a spirit and physically unavailable. However, Aeneas leaves Hades with his father's advice clear in his mind, bolstered by this visit into the unknown.

Most men can identify with the journey of Aeneas (which is recounted in Virgil's *Aeneid*). First, we understand the demands of the physical risks that Aeneas ran. Our lives, too, begin with boyhood quarrels and athletic competition that continue into vigorous adulthood (yes, boys are raised differently from girls). Second, we identify with Aeneas' loneliness, because our lives are frequently unsupported and isolated, in our homes as well as in the

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"The Cro-Magnon man lives deep inside us; if this rudimentary part of us dies, male identity dies."

culture. Third, we understand the story of a man's going on a hazardous search for his father's spirit. We have all been there. Our fathers baffle us, intrigue us, haunt us. We never get away from them, and yet we are often fearful of confronting them, even after they have left us. The quest of Aeneas is our quest.

This search for our fathers is at the heart of male identity, and you will find no more emotional or difficult subject on the male agenda. We know we will travel where Aeneas has traveled. He is our brother, our contemporary, and he reminds us of how direct our link is to our forefathers.

No discussion of men and the next revolution can take place without consideration of Robert Bly, a major resource for men today. A highly respected poet, writer and lecturer, Bly is the foremost popularizer of the mythic approach to the male journey. In a recent issue of *New Age* magazine, he is saying much the same thing that he said there nine years ago in a pioneering interview with Keith Thompson. The subject centers on contemporary men and their struggles toward masculinity.

In that 1982 interview, Bly begins by citing the men of the past three decades who mark some kind of break in historical traditions of masculinity: "The waste and anguish of the Vietnam war made men [of the Sixties and Seventies] question what an adult male really is. . . . As men began to look at women and at their concerns, some men began to see their own feminine side and pay attention to it. That process continues to this day, and I would say that most young males are now involved in it to some extent."

Bly then sounds a note of caution. "The step of the male bringing forth his feminine consciousness is an important one—and yet I have the sense that there is something wrong. The male in the past twenty years has become more thoughtful, more gentle. But by this process, he has *not* become more free. He's a nice boy who now pleases not only his mother but also the young woman he is living with.

"I see the phenomenon," Bly continues, "of what I would call the 'soft male' all over the country today. . . . But something's wrong. Many of these men are unhappy. There's not much energy in them. They are life-preserving but not exactly *life-giving*."

For me, Bly presents a precise summation of what has happened to many men over the past three decades—when the feminist revolution has taken over the

culture and told us how terrible we were as men and how much we needed to change. To be *macho* in any manner has been unfashionable. And yet, every man has an element of the *macho* in his genetic structure. To deny it and suppress it can be deadly to men (and to the culture). Such denial can leave us depressed, without energy or passion or identity.

As men, we have special gifts. One of those is the ability to be in touch with the Cro-Magnon man who lives somewhere deep inside our hearts and minds and calls to us. It is vital to remember that this man is not a savage. In no way is he an uncontrolled killer or evil oppressor. He is primordial but not barbaric, aboriginal but not vicious. He represents what is *best* in the spirit of manhood. Indomitable and invincible and wild, ready to protect and defend and compete, his instinct and perceptions necessary to ensure the survival of the human race, this primitive man at the center of our psyches must be allowed room to live and breathe and express himself. If this rudimentary part of us dies, male identity dies.

Bly, borrowing a term from *Iron John*, a tale written by the Grimm brothers in 1820, calls this primitive man "the wildman." It is not a bad name for him.

In *Iron John*, a young man on a difficult journey sees a large, hairy creature—the wildman—at the bottom of a pond that the young man is emptying, bucket by bucket. This discovery is frightening and intriguing. "What I'm proposing," says Bly, "is that every modern male has, lying at the bottom of his psyche, a large, primitive man covered with hair down to his feet. Making contact with this wildman . . . is the process that still hasn't taken place in contemporary culture. . . . Freud, Jung and Wilhelm Reich are three men who had the courage to go down into the pond and accept what's there. . . . The job of modern males is to follow them down."

Accepting what is dark down there—what he calls "the shadow"—is another task that Bly assigns to any man who would discover his true male self and become an initiated male. Under Bly's urging, men are beginning to explore this shadow side of their personalities. Anger, aggression, grief, feelings of abandonment and rejection, rage, confusion—all the varied dark and shadowy forces that whirl around like demons in the male psyche—these are things that we have tried to deny or ignore in order to be acceptable and admired.

But we have tried much too hard to be nice and we have essentially handed over the job of self-definition to others. This turns out to have been self-destructive. We emasculate and feminize ourselves to gain female approval—and then we hope against all available evidence that our powerful masculine energies will leave us alone. But is that likely?

Face it: For most men, the hope that our energy will fade away is vain. Witness the fact that our sexuality emerges at a very early age—usually much earlier than the emergence of female sexuality—and carries with it a beautiful immediacy, from spontaneous erections to wet dreams to vivid fantasies. This immediacy of male sexuality lasts well into our adulthood, even into old age for many men. Are we really going to be able to suppress all of that energy? And why *should* we repudiate such a unique and wonderful drive?

To use a Bly analogy, "The Widow Douglas wanted Huck Finn to be nice. And after he has floated down the river with a black man, Aunt Sally wants to adopt him and 'civilize' him. Huck says, 'I can't stand it. I been there before.'"

Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

The wildman lives in every man. He is beautiful and divine. He has enormous, fundamental energy and a great love for the world. He is just as much a nurturer and protector and creator as any female figure, but he will do that nurturing and protecting in his own masculine way. It is time for the wildman in us to be celebrated without shame. That celebration is part of what our revolution is about. It is our job as men to know ourselves better so that we can contribute more to this world and be more honest with ourselves. We have a right to our revolution, in other words. An absolute right.

•

Cut to a damp and cold weekend in November 1988 at a lodge somewhere in Wisconsin. I am attending The New Warrior Training Adventure, one of the only programs in the country that emphasize male initiation as a necessary rite of passage. It is late at night, I have been here for a day and a half already and I am surrounded by a group of men who are asking me with focused energy to look deeply into my life. Who am I? What is my mission in life as a man? What is it that holds me back from completing my mission? What is my shadow, and how does it haunt me?

Understand that a number of things have occurred at this seminar before this moment, things that have pushed me and scared me and enlightened me and softened me up for the interrogation at hand. There have been some games, some questioning, there has been a rendition of *Iron John*, a discussion of the shadow and what it means to men. I feel on the edge of a breakthrough. I am not sure that I like that feeling. I see myself

as a man of containment and self-control, and yet here I am in emotional limbo. I feel like an astronaut on the moon.

I tell the men around me about what I perceive to be my shadow, my tendency toward aggression, my crazy childhood and difficult family life, how tough and defensive I became after early years of violence that seemed endemic in both my home and my neighborhood on Chicago's South Side, how combat-ready I always am, how I think that my turbulent mind-set interferes with my mission in life.

Rich Tosi, a former Marine and one of the founders of the New Warrior Training Adventure program, challenges me on my description of my shadow as that of the ferocious man. "Bullshit, Baber," he says. "I'm not worried about you and your violence. You've explored that. That's not your shadow, because you've faced it. You know the kind of guy who scares me? The man who has never confronted his violence, the passive-aggres-

sive bastard who might freak out and lose control and get violent without any warning at all.

"Take a look. When are you going to admit to the grief you have for the men you've lost in your life? What about your father, for example, or your sons, when you lost custody of them, or the guys from your old neighborhood who never got out of there alive, or the Marines you knew who were killed? You've lost a lot of men, haven't you, Lieutenant? Pick one of the dead ones, any one, and talk to him now. Go on, do it!"

I felt all my defenses crumble and I faced my grief openly for the first time. I mourned, I raged, I pounded the floor, I went down into the dark pond of my psyche and dredged up the forces I had been containing for too many years, I bucketed out my rage and my grief under the guidance of good men.

Tosi and Dr. Ron Hering, another founder of The New Warrior Training Adventure, led me down into the grave

of the man I happened to grieve for the most that evening, a Marine named Mike with whom I served and who was killed in a chopper crash in Laos in the mid-Sixties. Mike had been like a younger brother to me. His father had been like a father to me after my own father passed away in 1960. The secret war in Laos would kill Mike first, and Mike's death would kill his father a few years later. Losses? Mine were incalculable, and they had occurred in a very short time. *Two* fathers and many brothers dead in the space of a few years, and the additional specter of a full-scale war that had never been declared a war? I had not been able to handle the heartache of all that, so I had suppressed it, buried it. The heartache, you see, was my shadow.

Ron Hering and Rich Tosi and the other men working with me gave me room to grieve, let me explore my shadow, did not judge me or exploit me for my sadness, understood the losses that most men endure in self-imposed isolation, the denials we elaborately construct to hide from our grief.

Until then, I had always assumed that my physical survival was living proof of my cowardice and unmanliness. It was a certain kind of twisted male syllogism that is not uncommon: Men had died, I had not; therefore, I was undeserving of life; I should have died before them, possibly thereby saving them. That is a classic case of survivor's guilt, of course, and I had it full-blown.

Hering and Tosi and my peers helped me see that the men who had died wanted me to carry on the best traditions of manhood for them. They—all my fathers and brothers and sons from the beginning of time—were handing me the golden ball of masculinity with all its energy and beauty, and they were asking me to preserve it, protect it and pass it on to the next generation of men. *That* was my mission in life.

With that realization, the shadow of guilt and grief that had dominated me faded in the light of my self-examination. I faced my shadow, battled it, tapped into my wildman energy and overcame it. Like Aeneas, I visited Hades and came away from the underworld with a little more wisdom.

In a very real sense, I was now an initiated male, a man ready to accept the joys and obligations of maturity.

"We are living at an important and fruitful moment now," Bly writes in his new book, *Iron John*, "for it is clear to men that the images of adult manhood given by the popular culture are worn out; a man can no longer depend on them. . . . [Men are] open to new visions of what a man is or could be."

New visions of masculinity: That is what our revolution is all about.

Welcome aboard.



"The purpose of this line of questioning, Your Honor, is to establish the fact that my client never had a chance in life, having been spoiled rotten by a fatuously permissive upbringing."

WYERS

DEPARTMENT STORE



"What's wrong? Didn't you ever wake up in a strange bed before?"





U.S.-SAUDI SWEETHEART

playmate christina leardini combines the best of both worlds

CHRISTINA LEARDINI was a natural candidate for Operation Playmate—a letter-writing campaign to cheer soldiers stationed in Saudi Arabia. For one thing, a career in modeling (including a stint with our lingerie specials) has turned her into a compulsive correspondent. “I have pen pals—photographers, models—everywhere. I write to keep in touch. Just little notes. Maybe quotes from the Bible or a book I’ve enjoyed. It keeps me real.” But there are other reasons. For one thing, Christina’s exotic beauty is the result of a Saudi/American alliance that occurred some 22 years ago between her U.S.-born mom and a Saudi doctor. The union was short-lived, and her father moved on. “I have stepbrothers and stepsisters I have never seen, who may not be aware that I exist. I wonder how they’d feel about me, what they look like.” Although she has Arab blood, the letter-writing campaign is her first real contact with the strict world of Saudi culture: “We can’t be sexy or we could get censored. Obviously, we can’t send copies of *Playboy*. I hope

“I’m one of the strongest people I know, but it would scare the daylights out of me to be overseas. Our soldiers are younger than I am, and they are facing combat. How could I not support them? This is a family affair. I write at home. My five-year-old son is writing letters at school.”





by the time this issue comes out, the boys I've written will be home to see it." (Not that her letters would have been all *that* sexy—she is a happily married mom.) Letter writing suits her in another way. "I'd love to be a comedian," Christina says. "I would like to play the funny, stupid characters on *Saturday Night Live*—the bag lady—anyone not required to wear a push-up bra. But I don't have the guts. I couldn't stand in front of an audience." When we got a chance to watch Christina in action, we saw what she meant. She is more at home with Willy the hotel doorman than she is with crowds of admirers. She is not interested in celebrity or popularity but in one-on-one impact. She wants to be remembered as special, one person at a time. Indeed, she will be.



Christina is a survivor. She looks back on her years as a single mom (she is now married) with some pride. She struggled to make ends meet, working in fast-food chains and fancy restaurants. Lou Maggio, a Tampa agent, encouraged her to try modeling. It's a bit more fun than sweeping up French fries. The happy end to this contemporary Cinderella story is right before your eyes. From adversity, beauty.









Christina looks like the kind of woman you find in an Obsession ad, but, she says, "I'm a nerd trapped in a model's body. Around the house, I wear a Mickey Mouse sweat shirt, high tops, a pony tail. My idea of a good time is watching cartoons with my son or eating pizza with my husband [of one year]. We're just nice people."



MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Christina Milande



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Christina Marie Leardini

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5' 8" WEIGHT: 109

BIRTH DATE: 1-22-69 BIRTHPLACE: St. Petersburg, Florida

AMBITIONS: Good health, true love, stability and financial security. In other words... a perfect life.

TURN-ONS: Simple kindness, heart-to-heart talks, soft, slow kisses and laughing until I cry.

TURN-OFFS: People who don't smile, men who can't be trusted and those girls who have their eyes on your guy.

FAVORITE FOODS: Messy, meaty, cheesy, saucy ... anything but vegetables!

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Comedians. I love comedians!

FAVORITE COMPLIMENTS: "You're too pretty to be this nice" and "You don't look like you've had a child."

MY OPINION: My personality doesn't match my looks... I'm a nerd trapped in a model's body.

MY LIFE STORY: Don't Ask! (Strictly soap-opera material)



1988 HALLOWEEN WITH
MY BEST BUDDY, AUSTIN



JUST ANOTHER DAY
ON THE JOB



PRACTICING TO
BE A COMEDIAN!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Waking up late one morning, President Gorbachev shuffled to the window and looked out at the streets of Moscow below. To his amazement, they were deserted. He picked up his phone and called several ministers, but no one answered.

Finally, Gorbachev's phone rang. "What's going on?" he asked his foreign minister. "Where is everyone? Why doesn't anyone answer his phone?"

"Don't you remember? Last night, you got drunk and told the evening-news interviewer that anyone who wasn't happy in Russia could leave."

"Oh, this is terrible. I don't remember a thing," Gorbachev moaned. "Does it mean just the two of us are left?"

"No, just you, sir," the minister replied. "I'm calling from New York."



In observance of their 20th wedding anniversary, Carol and Tom returned to the hotel where they had spent their honeymoon. As they got ready for bed, Carol turned to him and coyly cooed, "Honey, what were you thinking twenty years ago tonight?"

"I was thinking I'd screw your brains out," Tom replied.

"Well," Carol purred, "what are you thinking now?"

"I guess," Tom answered after a moment's thought, "that it worked."

Diogenes set about to search for an honest lawyer. After some time, a passer-by asked, "How is your quest going?"

"Not too bad," he replied. "I still have my lantern."

Two elderly gentlemen were sitting on a park bench, watching the girls go by. "You know," one said with a sigh, "until just a few years ago, I only had to see a pretty girl and I'd get an erection."

"And now?" the other asked.

"Now . . ." replied the first, "now I don't see so good."

Please, Tracy," the photographer implored his model, "give me some life. What's troubling you?"

"My boyfriend lost all his money in the stock market," she explained.

"Oh, too bad," the photographer sympathized. "I'm sure you're feeling sorry for him."

"Yeah, I am," she said. "He'll miss me."

During an exclusive interview with a national-news-magazine reporter, Richard Nixon offered his expansive views on domestic policy and foreign relations. Finally, the discussion turned to his political career and the ex-President admitted that he would consider running again for the nation's highest office.

"Honestly?" the stunned reporter asked.

"No," Nixon replied. "Same as last time."

Come on, Frank," one friend said to another, "your wife's not as bad as you say. What would you do if you found another man in bed with her?"

"I'd break his white cane and shoot his dog."

While looking up to admire their work, two window washers were distressed to see one dirty window they had overlooked on the top floor of the 30-story skyscraper. "What do we do now?" Sam asked.

"Hmmm," Frank said. "I have an idea. Follow me."

After taking the elevator to the roof, Frank told Sam to hold him by the suspenders as he hung over the side of the building to clean the window. While dangling, Frank suddenly burst out in a fit of laughter.

"What's so damn funny?" Sam asked.

"Just imagine," Frank replied, chortling, "if my suspenders broke, the smack you'd get in the face."



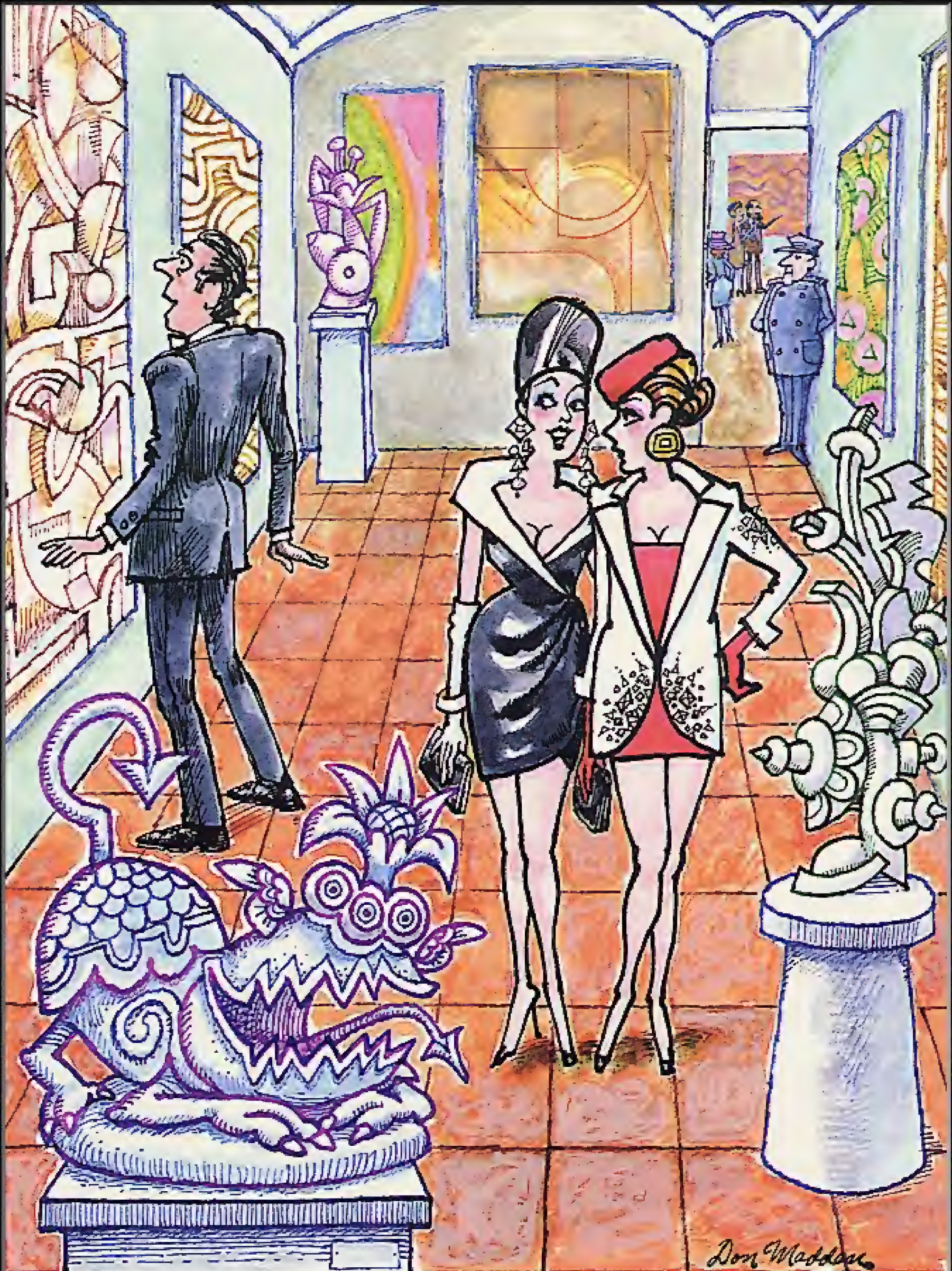
What is a *Cosmo* woman's favorite sexual position? Facing Bloomingdale's.

The 70-year-old man sat down in the orthopedic surgeon's office. "You know, Doc," he said, "I've made love in more exotic cars than anyone I know. Must be at least a thousand."

"And now, I suppose, you want me to treat you for the arthritis you got from scrunching up in all those cramped positions," the medic said.

"Hell, no," the old fellow replied. "I want to borrow your Lamborghini."

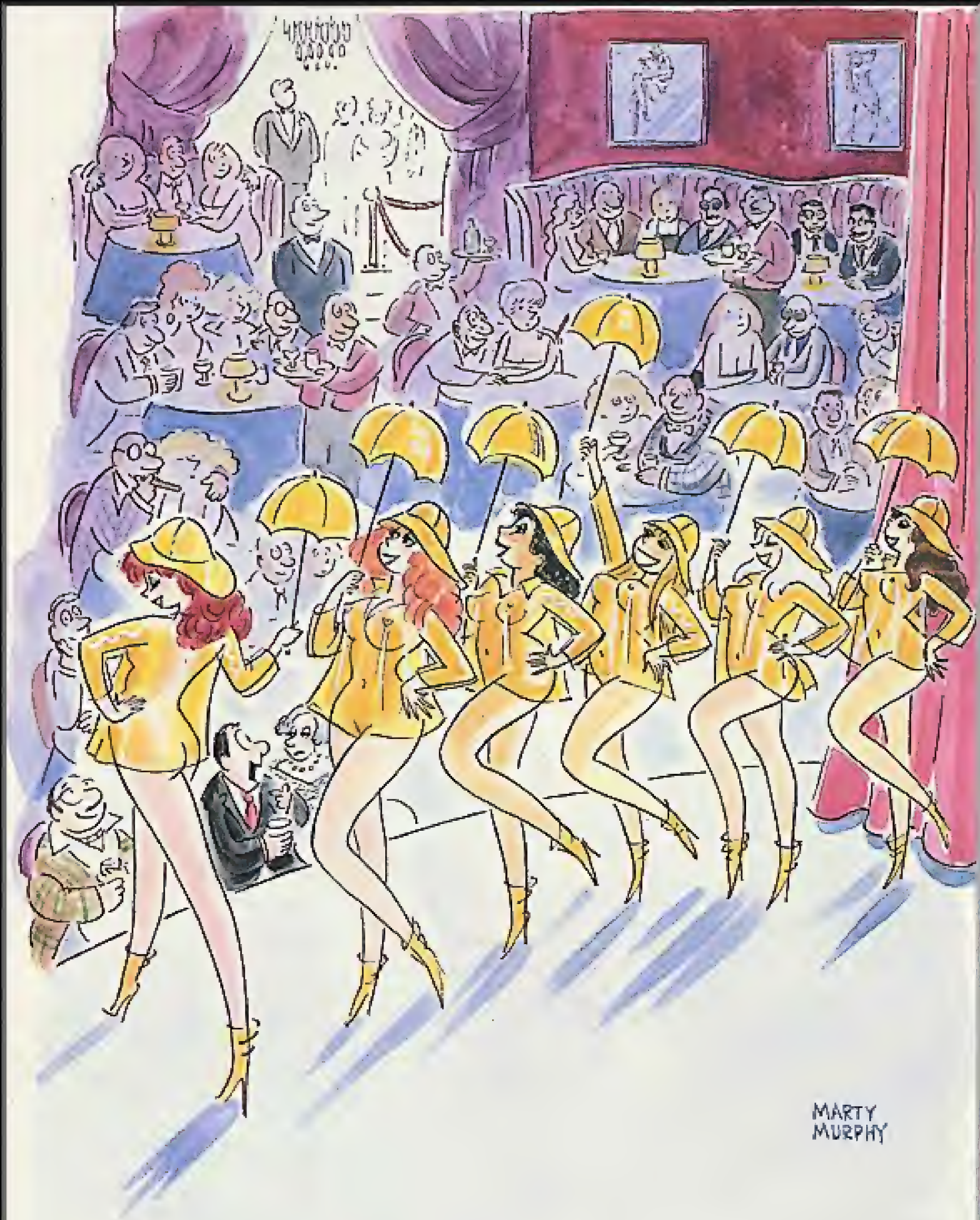
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"He's terribly sensitive—art gives him an erection."



"But that was the chef's special, madam."



MARTY
MURPHY

*"I don't mind tellin' ya, Edna, when they sing 'When you walk through
a storm, keep your head up high,' I get goose bumps!"*



WOMEN OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES

after a brief identity crisis, the schools of the tender gender are alive and kicking in the U.S.

THE TEMPEST STRUCK last spring on a quiet, wooded campus in Oakland, California. Mills College—a prestigious 139-year-old liberal-arts school best known for its exclusively skirted student body—decided to permit men to enroll. The announcement was one in a long line of defections by all-female institutions. According to *The Boston Globe*, the national roster of women's schools had taken a beating over the past several decades, its number atrophying from 298 in 1960 to 93 in 1990. Ensuing protests—and there were plenty, from thoughtful editorials to strident demonstrations—made the intended waves: Mills's head honchos reversed their decision. Since then, women's colleges have been blazing a comeback, most notably last May, when two students from Regis College in Weston, Massachusetts, chartered the Students' Alliance for Women's Colleges, an organization bent on restoring pride and popularity to single-sex education.

Naturally, we were interested. "Throughout our fourteen-year history of featuring pictorials on college women," says *Playboy's* Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen, "we've leaned toward schools from athletic conferences dominated by male sports. It was only fair, then, that we take our search to the women's colleges." Last October, Cohen dispatched Contributing Photographers David Chan and Arny Freytag and, as always, controversy brewed as the camera clicked—students picketed, *USA Today* tracked the story, Donahue hosted a TV debate. But Chan and Freytag returned triumphant, their portfolio spotlighting 14 schools in five states—four each in Georgia, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; one each in New Jersey and Missouri. "Truth be told," says Cohen, "the women weren't so different from those featured in our other college pictorials. Yes, they were all intelligent and conscientious about sisterhood and women's issues. But they were also very friendly and very sexy."

So enjoy. And while you're at it, you can pick your favorite woman of the women's schools—help her win \$5000 to further her education and possibly win yourself a trip to Playboy Mansion West—by calling 900-740-3636 (in the United States only), listening to the women and casting your vote. See page 143 for further details.

Opposite: Strutting their stuff on the lawns of Brenau Women's College in Gainesville, Georgia, and ready for business are (from left) Lisa Pellegrini, Ilicia Lori Goodman and Raquel Fisher. Lisa's originally from Redondo Beach, California, and hopes one day to manage a civic center; Ilicia—also born in California—is one of seven children, likes riding horses and loves a man in uniform; and Raquel is a Georgia native who's working toward a career in education. Her preferences in companions: "nonconformists who like to have a good time." Lest you believe all is work on the Brenau campus, the trio occasionally swaps shop talk for pillow talk (top).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND ARNY FREYTAG







Moving clockwise around the facing page, from top left: Jody Fraser attended William Woods College in Fulton, Missouri, where she received a degree in equestrian science and sociology. The daughter of a fireman and an R.N., Jody's set on someday owning her own farm. From Wheaton College in Norton, Massachusetts, is Shauna McCarty, an actress and model who once grabbed runner-up honors in the Miss America prelims. These days, she's a regular finalist on Wheaton's dean's list. Debra Lafaye left Springfield, Vermont, to attend Moore College of Art in Philadelphia, where she's studying to be a fashion illustrator. Her passion: short visits to the country; her peeve: long visits to the country. Formerly from Spelman College in Atlanta is Alicia Rosado, now attending "U Mass." Determined to "give something back to the community," Alicia—who has served in the Army reserve—is trying out for the police force in her native Boston. Below, meet Jennifer Chandler, a recent grad of Pine Manor College in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. Born in New York City, Jennifer is eyeing a career in—and on—television. Suzanne Redmon (right) hails from Asheville, North Carolina, where she developed a love for "animals and good restaurants." Now she's attending Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia, where she spends much of her down time at Tom Hanks movies. Don't be surprised if you find Suzanne spell-binding: She dabbles in hypnotherapy.



SPELMAN
COLLEGE

MOORE







Opposite: "The supernatural intrigues me," says Laura Goldbaum (top left), a philosophy major currently doing the premed grind at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. "I'm studying metaphysical mental powers and life as a creative work of art," she says. No argument from us. This May, Jeanne Fendler (top right) will get her nursing degree from Cedar Crest College in her home town of Allentown, Pennsylvania. A bird watcher and collector of Teddy bears, Jeanne is a pushover for someone who gives good back-scratch. Formerly from Rosemont College in Pennsylvania is Jean Gasson (bottom), a marketing consultant, gymnast and diehard Madonna fan. "She's a true woman," says Jean of the rock superstar, "who's not afraid of her feelings and acts on them." Jean's long-range goal: "to have my own longevity center." Above, taking a break from classes at Brenau is Andria Lee Waugh, a cat lover and native of Greenville, Illinois. A lady who likes her men "smart and mature," Andria is aiming for a career as an elementary school principal.



Although Karey Axell (above left) was born in Philly, she's now a genuine Jersey girl, attending Centenary College in the Garden State hamlet of Hackensack. A draftsman who shoots a mean game of pool, Karey confesses she's "shy, easily embarrassed and easy to walk on." Below Karey is Kathleen O'Neil Voss, a sophomore at Agnes Scott. A writer who likes hot Latin dancing, Kathleen boasts that her 17-year-old brother is her best friend and that "all my girlfriends fall in love with him." Aurora Stuski (below) graduated from Beaver College in Glenside, Pennsylvania, in 1988. (Beaver went coed in 1973 but kept its provocative name.) Consistent with her sparkle, Aurora now practices gemology. But suitors, beware: "I don't like standard pick-up lines," says Aurora, "especially, 'Haven't we met before?'" Domina Sweete (opposite, top left), a native of Geissen, West Germany, attends Simmons College in Boston, where she dreams of becoming a doctor. Her favorite indulgences take place outdoors. Kicking it up for Pine Manor is future entrepreneur Deidre Mitchell (opposite, top right). The daughter of an ex-pro-football player, Deidre loves old-fashioned men, "but I hate snooty Harvard guys." Anne Mullahy (opposite, bottom) divides her time between psych studies at Simmons and classes at Boston's Northeastern U. "Meanwhile, I want to experience all I can," she says, "and to make people happy." Count us in.

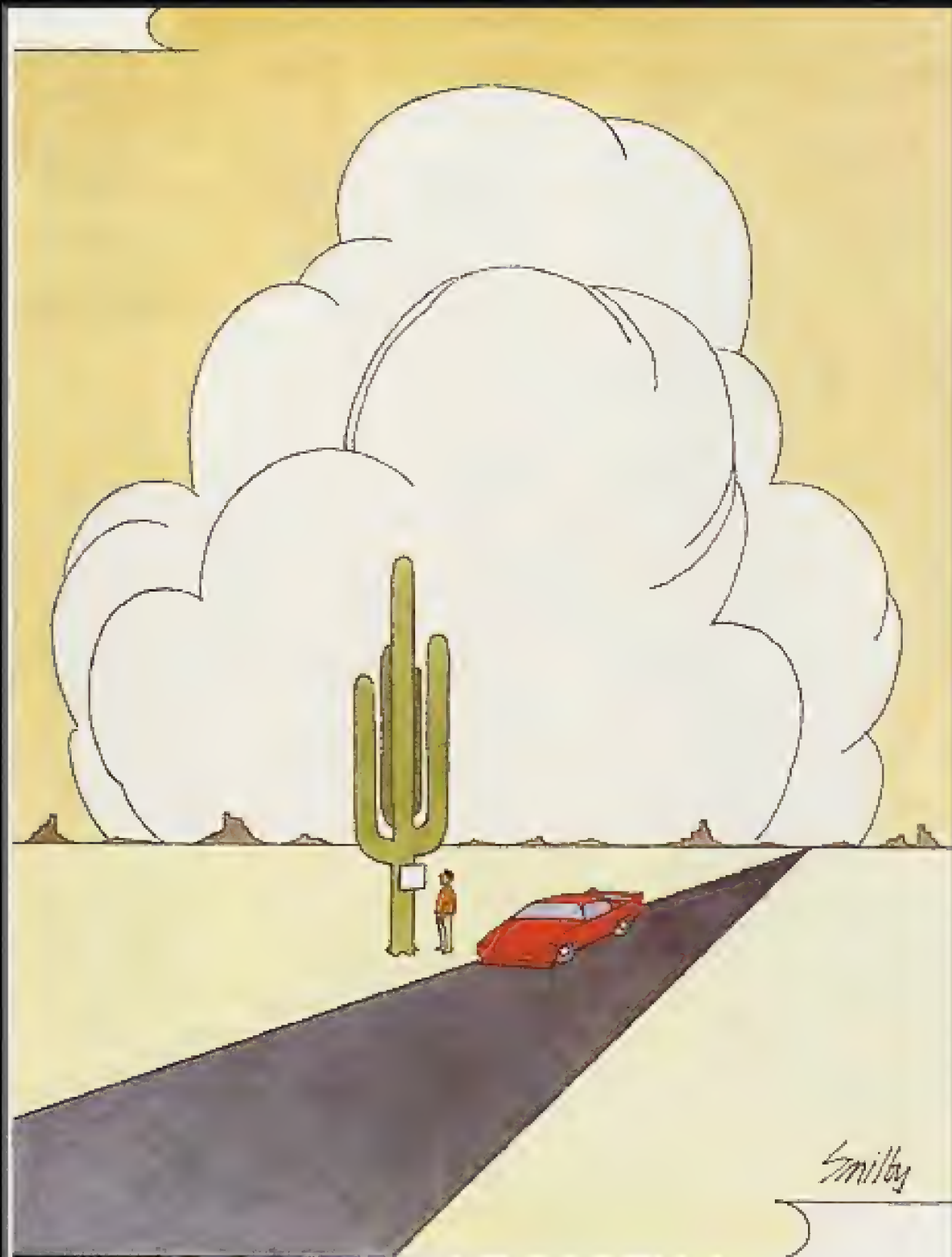






Nineteen-year-old Tara Mock (above left) is about as Southern as you can get: She was born in Memphis, calls New Orleans home and attends Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia, where her chief complaint is typically collegiate: "I don't get enough sleep." Being given a lift by an eager trio of fans (top right) is Simmons' Tori Leslie, a future pediatric nurse with a yen for "romantic, ambitious, spontaneous, intelligent, worldly men." But don't try to sell yourself to Tori in those terms: She avoids guys with "big egos." Below Tori is Moore College's Susan Sullivan, an aerobics enthusiast who's banking on a career as an advertising designer. Besides being a lover of art, Susan promotes free choice, environmental awareness and peace. Finally, say hi and bye to Deborah Reel (opposite), who will graduate this May from Agnes Scott—and not a minute too soon. "I love to travel and hope for a career that will allow me to do just that," says the Chicago native. "I especially like exploring places I've never been before." Bon voyage, Deb. Need a traveling companion?





“Notice—Please do not urinate on this cactus—State Conservation Department.”



*"Order the steak. You can't screw me
on bean sprouts and tofu."*



"My goodness, Mr. Barret, with all those vitamins and all that jogging, we thought you'd never show up!"

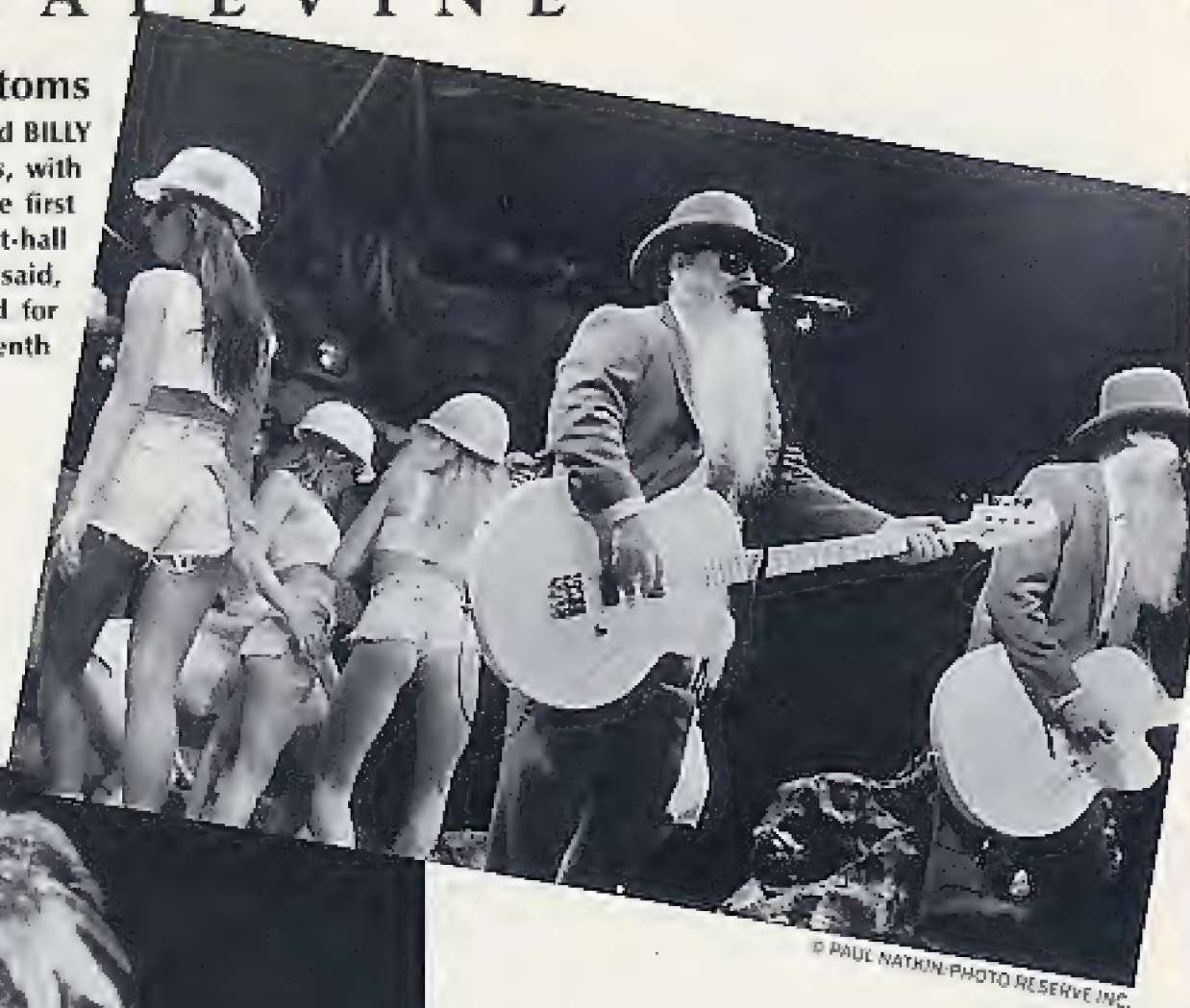


Great Wall of Wet Spot

The Tops and Some Bottoms

ZZ Top is on the road again and DUSTY HILL (left) and BILLY GIBBONS (right) crank up for that golden oldie *Legs*, with some heavy background visuals. This Top tour is the first since 1987. Before that, the band was doing the concert-hall shuffle for so long it got to the point where, Dusty said, "more than once, I picked up the phone and asked for room service at my own house." *Recycler* is the Tops' tenth LP and they still hit all the blue notes.

SVEN ARNSTEIN/HBO



© PAUL NATHAN-Photo Reserve Inc.



She Dares to Be Bare

If you were stopped by this photo, we say don't miss actress LYNN WHITFIELD in HBO's production of *The Josephine Baker Story*. Entertainer Baker caught everyone's eye in Paris in the Twenties, and Lynn does her justice in the Nineties.

© PHIL ROACH-Photoreporters Inc.



Kirstie Gets Her Licks In

Cheers star KIRSTIE ALLEY and actor husband PARKER STEVENSON get silly occasionally, but so what? With *Look Who's Talking Too!* on the big screen, *Cheers* in the top ten on TV and a crush on her husband, Kirstie's too busy to be formal.

A Big Grin and a Touch of Skin

Did you see SABRINA GALLUCCI compete in a bikini contest on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*? She is also a Miss Coors Light poster girl and she appeared on MTV in a Busboy video. For us, she donned a hot-weather outfit to remind *Grapevine* readers that spring will once again return at its regularly scheduled time. Thanks, Sabrina.

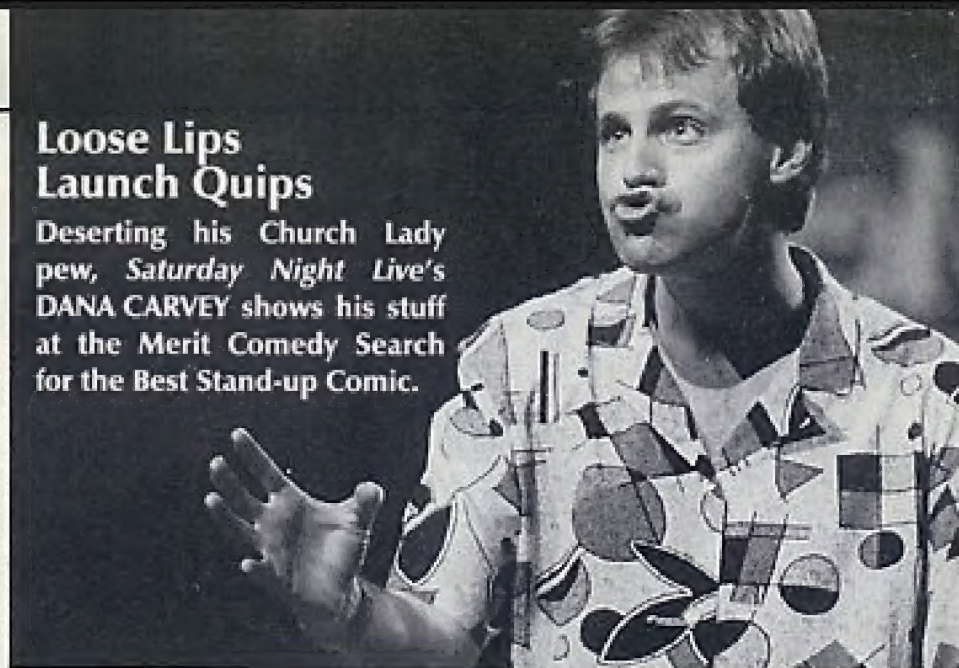


© MARK LEIVDAL

Loose Lips Launch Quips

Deserting his Church Lady pew, *Saturday Night Live*'s DANA CARVEY shows his stuff at the Merit Comedy Search for the Best Stand-up Comic.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Carlene's Got the Genes of a Country Queen

Singer/writer CARLENE CARTER (June's daughter) currently shares the country charts with step-sister Rosanne Cash and Johnny himself. Even in that family group, Carlene's LP *I Fell in Love* jumps out. Check out her video or catch her in concert.



© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

A Pretty Face and Good Taste

Actress NICOLE GREY had a part in last year's hot movie *GoodFellas* and has had roles on four soaps, including *All My Children* and *Another World*. We're glad she's a success at work, but we're even happier about her lingerie. Nicole knows lace.



© MARK LEIVDAL



RUNWAY SUCCESS

"If you travel and you like exotic dancers, this is the directory for you," say the publishers of *Exotic Dancer*, the directory of North American nude, topless, stripper and go-go bars, clubs and dancer agencies. With more than 1000 entries (plus coupons for free admission and drinks at dozens of clubs), you can bet a stageful of sequined G strings that there'll be at least one hot spot you'll want to visit. The Palomino Club listing in North Las Vegas, for example, includes everything from Types of Dancers ("nude") to Clientele ("mostly white-collar") and also rates as a Publisher's Pick. For a copy, send \$22.95 to *Exotic Dancer*, 249 Bailey Street, Suite 209, Fort Worth, Texas 76107. Or, if you're as hot as the clubs, call 817-485-1513 and put it on plastic.

CHECKMATE, STUPID

Fidelity Electronics in Miami has just introduced Chesster Phantom, an electronic chess game in which your computer-brained invisible opponent not only kibitzes and coaches you with a 500-word vocabulary ("I'd resign, too, in that mess!") but also moves its own pieces about the board. Twenty-five skill levels are available and Chesster Phantom will even play a game against itself. The price: about \$600. To order, call 800-634-4692. Yes, a human answers.



BALL GAMES IN STYLE

The 1991 Ultimate Baseball Road Trip has released its schedule, and if you're a fan of the national pastime, this is the way to catch some great games hassle-free. Six trips are planned, ranging in price from \$575 to \$700. For the Stars & Stripes junket from July third to seventh, you join the group in Baltimore for a game against Detroit. Then move on to Philadelphia for one against St. Louis, travel to New York to see the Yankees play Baltimore, take a Cooperstown Baseball Hall of Fame tour and wind up in Boston for a game against Detroit. The price: \$700 per person, including accommodations (in the same hotels as the players), transportation between games and a gala banquet. For more information, call Sports Tours, Inc., at 800-722-7701.

LOOK! UP ON THE MACHINE! IT'S SUPERMAN!

The first *Action* (with Superman's debut, in 1938) is worth about \$32,500 and *Batman No. 1* is valued at \$14,500. But now you don't have to sell your Porsche to enjoy these and other golden-age DC comics. MicroColor International, 85 Godwin Avenue, Midland Park, New Jersey 07432, is offering five-issue sets on color microfiche, which you can view on a library machine, for \$29.95 each, post-paid. Call 800-666-4054 for details.



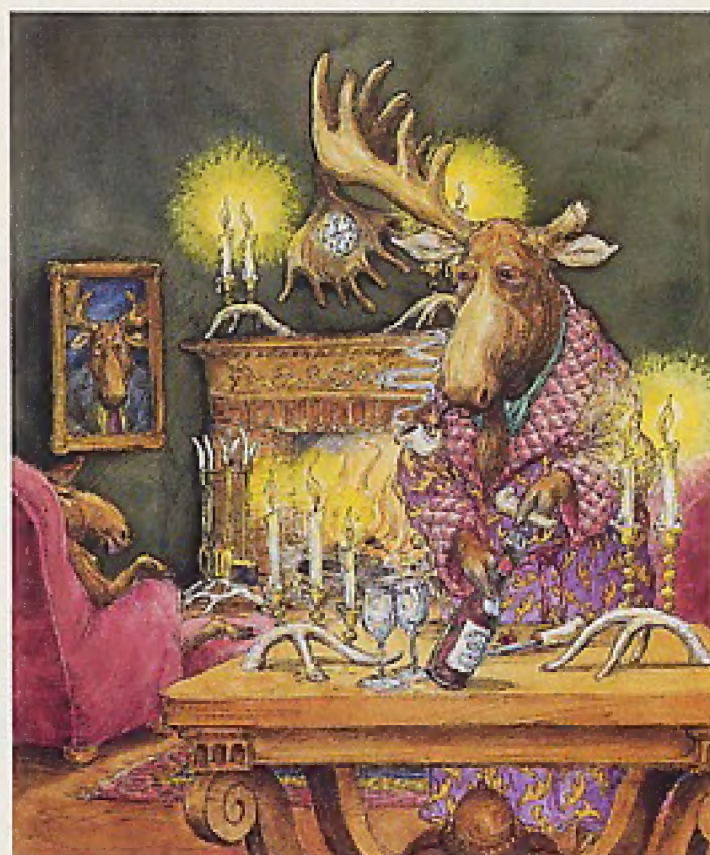
TIE ONE ON

"Waved in the air, worn on the head or around the neck, bursting from a back pocket, the bandanna has endured as a great symbol of the free American spirit," according to Chronicle Books, the publisher of *The American Bandanna*. This 119-page softcover by Hillary Weiss covers "culture on cloth from George Washington to Elvis." If bandannas are your bag, the price is only \$16.95. Don't blow it.



CALL OF THE WILD

It won't be long before The Antler People will once again travel to the Rockies to collect the antlers that are naturally shed each spring by elk, moose, caribou and deer. They are then turned into fireplace sets (\$250), corkscrews (\$25), candelabra (\$55), bolo ties (\$45) and other handsome, horny pieces (all prices post-paid). For a complete list of products, send a dollar to The Antler People, P.O. Box 255, Pinckney, Michigan 48169.

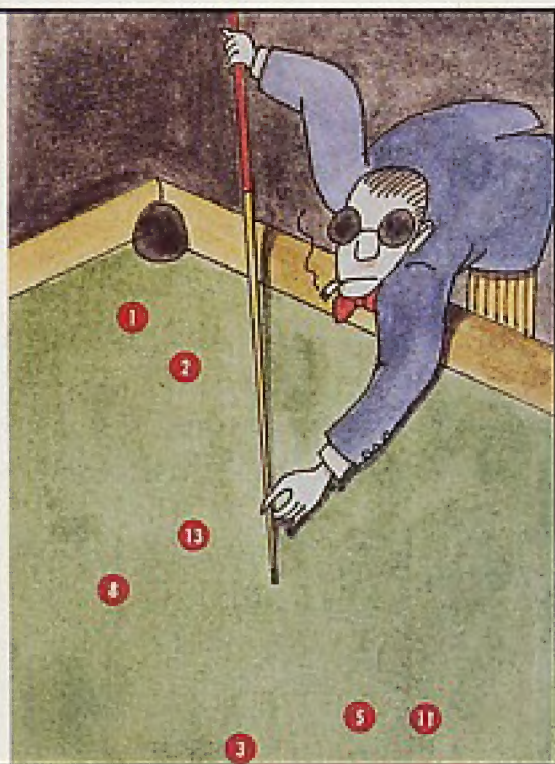


NIGHTSTICKING IT TO AUTO THIEVES

If you're looking for an inexpensive alternative to a costly auto alarm, consider Kraco's Electronic Nightstick. Resembling a policeman's billy club, its LED flashes when the Nightstick is activated and a motion-and-shock sensor detects illegal entry and sounds a piercing siren. Automotive stores sell the Electronic Nightstick for about \$100. Lock on to it.

PUTTING N.Y.C. ON THE MAP

Want to know Martha Stewart's favorite Manhattan food stops or the 13 best pool halls for singles? These and other insights into the Big Apple most tourists often miss are contained in *Spade & Archer's 50 Maps of New York*, a \$9.95 softcover that will slip into your breast pocket. And when you head West, grab *50 Maps of Los Angeles*—a companion volume that includes Zsa Zsa's personal tour of Rodeo Drive.



LET YOUR WRIST WATCH DO THE TALKING

Dick Tracy would love this—a voice and sound recording wrist watch named The ChatterBox that captures up to 15 seconds of sounds for instant playback. And it's a five-function quartz watch, too. Aside from recording brilliant thoughts while you're on the way to work, The ChatterBox will deliver opening lines in singles bars, and you can record secrets just as spies do in the movies. It's available from Hammacher Schlemmer for only \$54.95, postpaid, via a credit card, by calling 800-543-3366. Speak up.



NEXT MONTH



BIG TROUBLE



MALE SUPREMACY?



PICK DRINKS



BOSS TWEEDS

"BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE SAIGON"—ON THE NATION'S MOST CONSERVATIVE TURF, ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, VICIOUS SOUTHEAST ASIAN GANGS HAVE BROUGHT THE VIETNAM WAR BACK HOME—BY **JIM GOAD**

"LOOK WHO'S TALKING"—LEARN WHY SO MANY CELEBS ARE MAKING COMMERCIALS FROM A GUY WHO HAS TALKED, BARKED AND FLUSHED HIS WAY INTO THE LIVING ROOMS OF AMERICA—BY **CHIP BOLCIK**

GEORGE STEINBRENNER, BANISHED BOSS OF THE NEW YORK YANKEES, GOES ON THE OFFENSIVE AND TALKS ABOUT HIS EXILE AND HIS BATTLES WITH **DAVE WINFIELD** AND COMMISSIONER **FAY VINCENT** IN A HEAVY-HITTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"A CASE OF LOATHING"—IN AN AGE OF SUPPOSED TOLERANCE, ROVING BANDS OF HOMOPHOBES HAVE TAKEN UP GAY BASHING AGAIN. A DISTURBING REPORT BY **NAT HENTOFF**

"DRINKS FOR THE DESIGNATED DRIVER"—SO YOU'RE THE GUY WITH THE CAR KEYS. NAME YOUR POISON. A CHARGER? A SPAGO ALLIGATOR? HOW ABOUT A DUST CUTTER? HERE'S HOW TO DRINK AND STAY SOBER, BY

RICH LALICH. IF YOU'RE A BREW FAN, CHECK OUT OUR **"CONNOISSEUR'S GUIDE TO NONALCOHOLIC BEERS,"** BY **MICHAEL JACKSON**

ONE'S AN ACTRESS AND A MOM, THE OTHER'S AN ACTRESS AND A MODEL. BOTH OF THEM ARE STUNNING. DON'T MISS OUR EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL WITH THE WORLD'S SEXIEST SISTERS, *PLAYBOY'S* VERY OWN **SHANNON AND TRACY TWEED**

"WHO DAT"—THE U.S. GOVERNMENT RECRUITS OUR NEXT SECRET NATIONAL HERO. HIS UNIQUE TALENT: HE COULD AFFECT THE OUTCOME OF THE WORLD SERIES—FICTION BY **GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER**

WHITNEY HOUSTON, THE TALLEST R&B QUEEN, HITS THE HIGH NOTES ON RAP, RACE AND HER ONGOING RELATIONSHIP WITH **EDDIE MURPHY** IN A **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH MUSIC CRITIC **NELSON GEORGE**

PLUS: **"PLAYBOY'S 1991 BASEBALL PREVIEW,"** BY **KEVIN COOK**; THE WINNERS OF THE MUSIC POLL AND THE VOLKSWAGEN HALL OF FAME SWEEPSTAKES IN **"PLAYBOY MUSIC 1991";** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE